THE FORUM
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THE ANTI-GERMAN HATE

MAX EASTMAN

WHEN there is a fight on, everyone has an enemy. Our instinctive pugnacity is so strong. Neutrality may be possible to a few highly concentrated cerebrums, but to the general nervous system of mankind it is simply an alien condition. We were foredoomed to take sides.

I have been asking myself why we all took sides against Germany. I have been reading Germany's brief in praise and defence of herself,* trying to see how preposterous our ogre-stories and our hatred must appear to those millions of gentle people like us who think of themselves as Germany. And then, to keep a true balance, I read England's book of self-praise, too: her literary indictment of Germany.† And the result of these readings, and of a little exercise in sympathetic imagination, was the opinion that our vast antagonism against Germany, though natural, is not rationally justified. We were full of the war-time hate, and the causes which happened to direct that hate against Germany were in a large sense accidental.

I

GUILT AND INNOCENCE

The first thing that directed our feeling against Germany was the conduct of her government after the war-threat arose.

* *Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War,* by various German writers. Translated by William Wallace Whitelock, Ph.D. 624 pages. Mitchell Kennerley.

† *Ordeal by Battle,* by F. S. Oliver. Macmillan. By far the most able and interesting book on the war that has come from England.

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No one knows much about this. Those in a position to know are emotionally incapable of knowledge. But most of us who are capable, have acquired a distinct impression that Germany was ready to fight, and England aching to avoid it, from the first note of trouble. France too wished to avoid fighting. And Russia seemed to try, although we have no certainty that she did not, as Berlin asserts, threaten with her mobilization first. I think the wisest Germans admit, however, that Germany was more ready to fight than the others. Only they do not stop with the admission; they proceed to tell us why. And after they have told us, if we listen with a liberal mind, we find ourselves acquiring a reasonable human sympathy toward their government without blinking the official reports of its diplomatic conduct.

The opinion this conduct gave rise to in America was that Germany, or her ruling classes at least, had "a chip on their shoulders." I think this is false to their mood. I do not believe that anybody, who is not subject to the anti-German obsession, can long continue in that belief. Granted that their ruling-class is predominantly feudal—the war they would wage and that would be waged against them was not feudal, and they knew that. No German prince had anything personal to gain in the devastation of Europe. It was loss from the beginning. And little as I esteem the conduct of human beings when they are in a position of supreme power, I am not able to imagine that the whole dominant class in Germany was inflated with a Pan-German military megalomania, to such an extent that they could not conceive a world-war to be something of the general hell it is. No, the responsible people in Germany, the people with national cares on them, were not in the mood of the chip on your shoulder. That is a part of our phantasm. Their mood was that they were at bay.

A military nation diplomatically at bay, is what responsible Germany conceived herself to be in the period preceding the war. That is why she was so well prepared; that is why she was so touchy and unresponsive to Minister Grey's overtures. Her "pugnacity centres" were inflamed, not as one who struts the fence, but as one who sees or conceives herself to be

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surrounded. We can not say to what extent she was justified in this, for we know next to nothing about European diplomacy —next to the nothing the diplomats know. But we are able to be sure that this was her mood.

Germany contributed the larger share of the immediate causes of war. But who contributed the larger share of the remote causes, the diplomatic conditions which brought Germany into that state of pugnacity? Is not this an important question? And yet the great book of British justification, *Ordeal By Battle,* fails altogether to apprehend the existence of such a question. It merely assumes that the policies English nationalism was compelled to adopt for its own glory, were and are and always will be, not right indeed or wrong, but simply unquestionable. Upon the argument of that book alone, what it assumes and what it so calmly fails to say, we might almost base the assertion that it is the British government that contributed the larger share of remote causes, of diplomatic conditions, to the engendering of a world war.

All nations have their stereotyped egotisms: we, our Monroe Doctrine—an astounding piece of sophomoric cheek; England, her "Mistress of the Seas" tradition, which but for its age and origin in a state of actual fact, would appear—what it is—a monumental swagger. Spain made the same swagger in her time, and Holland in hers. France too had her precocious dementia, her vision of forcing down the throats of Europe the one true and only liberty of man—under an emperor! But all nations fall from these grandiose attitudes, and all recover. England will have to recover from hers. And we, for our health and safety, will allow that Monroe Doctrine to grow up into an equal Union of the American Republics. Germany too has some delusions to renounce—delusions of spirituality and superior brains I think.

But the point here is that this old, preposterous, self-assertion of England's *seemed* as preposterous to Germany as it really is, because Germany came on the scene late as a nation, and she was not accustomed to it. Germany ventured to assert the equal importance of her own grandiosity, not only in European politics, which were getting old-fashioned, but in world-

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politics, which seemed to be the politics of the future; and this not unreasonable assertion England met with suave, self-righteous, self-contented inflexible persistence in her old established purpose and habit. Her policy of remaining commander of the seas, and commander of the world, and of holding at any cost the balance of power in Europe, involved the strengthening of France and Russia, and her alliance with them, to the detriment of Germany. This therefore was the general tenor of her foreign policy.

All of which I learn from a British book—a book which establishes in an absolutely convincing manner the guilt of Germany and the innocence of England, because it never allows the preposterous assumptions of British diplomacy to become a subject of question. Perhaps no British statesman ever said that Germany must not be allowed to become an equal power in the world with England, whether she naturally would become so or not. But what British statesman ever failed to feel it? The newly asserted *equality* of Germany, against the traditionally assumed *superiority* of England, is what gave rise to the appearance of a more than usual megalomania in the German foreign policy. And the suave and self-righteous blow England directed against the equal status of Germany among world powers in the Agadir incident, was, as much as any act of any nation at any time, a cause of the present war. That is what is meant by the statement that while Germany supplied most of the immediate causation, England supplied most of the remote. Both their megalomanias were extreme enough to generate war. And though our superficial indignation inevitably arose against the one we saw strike the first blow, there was no durable reason in that for directing the volume of our hatred against Germany.

II

BELGIUM

Her manner of initiating war was the second cause that turned us against Germany. She invaded France on a plea that Russia was invading her. And to the general American public

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this appeared altogether monstrous. Her violation of Belgian neutrality only completed the impression this had already given of wanton aggression. We saw Germany suddenly convulsed, and laying about her in all directions like a maniac, and this vision prepared us for the one-sided stories of atrocities and horrors which soon came along, through the news-service of the Allies, to convince us that Germans are not human beings at all, but "Huns" and "Northern Barbarians."

Now the invasion of France, on the occasion of war with Russia, was not wanton—as it appeared to those unacquainted with the diplomatic map—but merely good military tactics. For France and Russia were one nation in the case of war with Germany. This was a general truth; and moreover, as the official papers showed, the French ambassador had specifically confirmed it, promising, before any hostilities began, unconditional military support to Russia. So our impression in this matter was wrong.

The invasion of Belgium, after she had refused passage to the German troops, was not an unusual act in war. The thing that was unusual at that time was war. And that is why this act seemed so horrible. Here is the news item of a similar act two years after the war began:

> "The only available railway route is the Peloponnesian line via Athens. The Allies decided to use this railway for the transportation of the Serbs, disembarking at Patras, but the Greek Government is offering strong opposition to the scheme. Premier Skouloudis has flatly refused to give his official consent, whereupon he was informed that Greek official sanction was immaterial and the Allies would not permit Greek opposition to interfere with their plan of operations."

This item is printed at the bottom of a news column of the *New York Times;* it does not even provoke a head-line. And yet in its essentials it is the same act—invading a neutral country the better to carry on war against an enemy. Violations of neutrality are no more exciting now than the going down of ships—because we have grown accustomed to the habits of war.

Belgium is more near to us than Greece, near to the pathways of pleasure and profit which we have long regarded as our own to walk in, and this also increases our sensitiveness to

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her rights. In short, what made the invasion of Belgium more atrocious to us than war simply as war, was its position in time and space. And this atrocity was of course illumined with horror by the fact that Belgium stood up against her invaders, adding heroic deeds and blood and misery to her political humiliation. That was enough for the emotional moralists. All the righteous indignation that should have been launched against war and the causes of war was launched against "Germany," because her generals were trained in the contemplation of war with an implacable candor that enabled them to wage war as it is, without waiting until they or the world got used to it.

Whether the raw and brutal frankness of the German leaders, or the refined and tactful casuistry of the British, is the superior trait, is a point too fine for my code. I am willing to let Greece and Belgium stand together, as they will stand in history, monuments of the ruthless logic of war.

III

ATROCITIES

Germany is full of stories of atrocities—atrocities committed by English, French, Russian, Servian soldiers. And I suppose they are all true, for the reason that all these nations are human. I imagine that in the midst of battle, those amenities of culture with which men have adorned themselves have little influence upon their acts. Their behavior is instinctive rather than cultural. And average instinctive behavior is the same in the same races. It is possible that individuals of somewhat more cruel hardness have been elevated to command in the more consciously military nation; and it is possible that the rigid discipline of the German private leaves him with less command of himself when he is on the loose. What is not possible, however, is that a "German race" (which does not exist) is bestial and barbarous by comparison with a "British race" (which does not exist).

All these pompous and one-eyed commissions of investigation have established beyond a shadow of doubt that German

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soldiers committed atrocities. But have they established that Allied soldiers did not? How foolish are the little children that public men become in time of war! The atrocities of English troops in South Africa a little time ago were the stench of the world. The behavior of our "boys" in the Philippines was incredible to our pride. Ever since the ideal of human kindness extending beyond the tribe got hold of man's mind, it has been used in wartime to condemn the enemy and his friends as brutal! We have no worse opinion of the Kaiser than the South had of Sherman. A friend of mine visiting in Charleston only last month happened to mention at dinner the name of that general, and one of the guests arose and left the table and the house, explaining to his hostess that he could not remain in a place where that name was spoken.

The best thing General Sherman did was to tell the truth about war after he got through waging it. The Germans told the truth before they began. And this is the worst indictment that Mr. Oliver brings against them. He says:

"I have not occupied myself with what are termed 'German atrocities.' So far as this matter is concerned, I am satisfied to let it rest for the present upon the German statement of intentions before war began, and upon the proclamations which have been issued subsequently." He then quotes these sentences from the German War Book issued by the General Staff:

> "A war conducted with energy can not be directed merely against the combatants of the enemy State and the positions they occupy, but it will and must in like manner seek to destroy the total intellectual and material resources of the latter. Humanitarian claims such as the protection of men and their goods, can only be taken into consideration in so far as the nature and object of the war permit.
>
> "International Law is in no way opposed to the exploitation of the crimes of third parties (assassination, incendiarism, robbery and the like) to the prejudice of the enemy. . . . The necessary aim of war gives the belligerent the right and imposes on him the duty, according to cir-

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cumstances, the duty not to let slip the important, it may be the decisive advantages, to be gained by such means."

Now if those words were incorporated in an abstract treatise upon war, everyone in the civilized world would regard them as an understatement of the truth. As "Lessons from the Occupation of Atlanta and the March to the Sea," they would have to be extended a little in places. As a press story from South Africa during the Boer War they would be inadequate and vague. But in the form of general statements of truth in a War Book, Mr. Oliver finds them "criminal."

It may indeed be a step forward to feel, as English and American people seem to do, the necessity of lying to themselves about what they do when they go to war; but it is not one of those long evolutionary steps, like ceasing to do it. Let us not make that mistake. If the German invasion was any more attended with atrocity than an invasion by the Allies would be, it was not enough more to warrant our making it in the slightest degree a point of judgment between the nations.

IV

THE LUSITANIA

None of these factors, indeed—the immediate initiation of a war whose principal causes were not immediate; the ruthlessly warlike manner of its initiation; the inevitable atrocities—none of these were adequate points of judgment against a nation. But with the help of Theodore Roosevelt, whose talent for hatred and ordinary vituperation is celebrated, and with the help of that suborner of prejudice, the American press, these factors had raised our anger against Germany long before the *Lusitania* went down. And after that happened the fixation was complete. It seemed that hardly a handful of neutrals was left in the United States who could see and state the aspect which that event will have in history.

History will have to begin by a recital of England's perpetration of a blockade policy against Germany, which openly vio-

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lated the rules of international law, and her boast that this policy would reduce Germany to submission. History will not trouble to condemn this policy, which was but a forceful employment by England of the strongest weapon she had—her navy. History knows that international law is abrogated in every war where obedience to it means defeat. But after this policy of England's has been recorded, the record of Germany's retaliating with the only naval weapon she had left—the submarine—and this also in violation of international law, will not seem outrageous. History will be aware that under the same circumstances England or America would have done the same thing, and, like Germany, would have regarded a formal extension of the war-zone as a sufficient warning to travelling neutrals. It would have been a sufficient warning to sympathetic neutrals. Even to the American public, indeed, that declaration by Germany, in its abstract form, did not seem very terrible. We thought of merchant crews and inconspicuous travellers on freight-boats as having to "take their chances." We were still too innocent of war's reality to imagine it could apply to saloon passengers who had paid their fare on the great Atlantic liners. Impossible! Their voyages were like the rotation of the earth, established of God. To blow them up would not be war—it would be sacrilege and horror. Such was our innocence—as though war itself were not sacrilege and horror.

But the German leaders were lacking in a certain delicacy of feeling, a certain finesse, which is not unconnected with sympathetic understanding of others nor yet unconnected with a prudent self-regard. If they had possessed that quality, which they might indeed have acquired after living so long in the neighborhood of France, they would not have tried to carry the logic of war to such an extreme. It was a blunder to sink the *Lusitania*—a blunder not difficult perhaps to justify in a purely rational manner. War being essentially a competition in murder, having certain traditional rules that are supposed to regulate the competition, and these rules having been broken by England's starvation policy, Germany announces that in a certain zone they are suspended, and the murder of British people will be more general. She expects us, since we have allowed Eng-

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land to break those rules at our expense, to allow her a like privilege. She expects us to stay on our own boats, so that she can fight England to the limit with her only free weapon on the sea. We remain incredulous, and on the whole indifferent, until she carries her resolution to the extreme; the inconceivable happens; our most eminent and respectable citizens get blown up and sunk for their disregard of Germany's warning. Then we become intolerant, horrified, righteously indignant, ready to go to war, if reparation and apology are not forthcoming. A perfectly natural and human and altogether inevitable reaction on our part, which the German leaders would have known enough to expect, if they had had that habit of entering into the minds of others, which makes the Southern peoples so much more adroit.

The sinking of the *Lusitania* was "reasonable" enough, and it was not more inhuman than many outrages in the history of other wars. England has committed Lusitania-sized atrocities. England's forcing a drug habit upon the Chinese nation at the point of the bayonet is one of the blackest atrocities of modern times. But England commits these brutalities for the most part in remote places, or upon socially negligible classes of people. We can not escape the opinion that a certain *savoir faire* would stay the hand of a British commander from sinking our American aristocrats on the Atlantic. Or if it would not stay *his* hand, at least there would be some Cabinet official or some influential private person providentially on hand, to prevent his doing it.

We may be wrong, but we have a feeling that anything so gauche and uncomprehending as the sinking of the *Lusitania,* and the notes that followed it, however logical, would simply be "not done" by the ruling classes of England. They are not more humane; they merely know better.

Here, then, is a difference between "Germany" and "England" which, if properly defined, may actually be found to exist. It does not attribute an imaginary heredity to an imaginary "race" of Teutons; it merely asserts a cultural characteristic which the German classes seem to have developed, and which in certain carefully chosen terms they are willing to admit they

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have developed. They call it being "absorbed with the essence of things to the detriment of form." * Suppose we permit ourselves to call it transcendental sophomoric egotism and contrast it with the egotism of England's classes, which is more matter-of-fact and more mature. We shall see, I think, that even the sinking of the *Lusitania* is not a reasonable occasion for directing our single hatred against Germany. We might be aroused to that degree against a peculiar barbarism in any nation, but against a peculiarly tactless blunder in the general business of barbarism we can hardly maintain a permanent national hatred.

V

NATIONALISTIC BIGOTRY

It may appear superfluous to explain all these points about Germany, the explanation being only a detailed statement of what we all knew before the war, that Germany is a nation of people like ourselves. They have the same racial development, and are composed of much the same races as we, and any average differences they reveal must necessarily be superficial and a result of their circumstances. That is all that needed to be said. However, a little exercise in seeing those incidents as the Germans see them will do no harm to our own egotism. It may prepare us to acknowledge just what it is in this business against which we ought to direct our hatred.

It is not Germany that initiates war, that violates neutrality, that commits atrocities, and murders our hopes for the world. Germany has merely done these things with exceptional skill and concentration. What has enabled her to do them, and what has enabled the other nations to emulate her, is the militant nationalism of the people. The causes of war are innumerable, but the underlying condition without which, no matter what causes arose, wars could neither begin nor continue, is that egregious fighting identification of self with a nation, which is neither German nor English (nor even Irish) but a general human

* Professor Otto Hintze, of the University of Berlin, in *Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War.*

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attribute. This is the thing that we ought to be hating; instead we are cultivating it in ourselves by hating another nation.

It might be maintained, indeed, that Germany is the most afflicted with nationalism of all the countries, and that we ought for that very reason—even from the standpoint of internationalism—to range ourselves against her and wish for her defeat. Much that is said by the Germans in praise of themselves makes us feel that we ought. They not only praise their nation in a fulsome fashion, which provokes the disgust we feel toward an individual prig, but they praise it for exactly that quality, devoted admiration of itself, which is the essence of priggishness.

The book about Germany which I have been reading lately was written jointly by a large number of her distinguished public men and scholars. It is a book of generous self-appreciation in the face of calumny. The book has been translated and has just been published under the title, *Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War,* and I wish everyone in America might read it. It gives very strong support to the opinion that German people are human beings, just as they used to be; but it also reveals, in many chapters, that assertive national egotism which is characteristic of the adolescence of this new empire.

Germany's nationalism is more blatant than that of France or England, and the casuistries into which these serious professors are led by their determination to attribute all virtues to the fatherland—even virtues that are exactly opposite, such as youthfulness and venerable age—are more obvious. They are more ludicrous than the casuistries of England's nationalistic books. Some of these writers seem to be unable even to mention an abstract virtue without prefixing the word "German" to it. "German strength," "German thoroughness," "German honesty"—would not any grown-up person have more tact than to fill with such expressions an article which he was addressing to people of other nationalities? This fatuous self-adoration is too raw to exasperate—one simply lumps it as an ailment which he must ignore if he is to enter into the truth of the book.

Here for instance is Professor Ernst Troeltsch, of the University of Berlin, speaking of music as exemplifying the spirit of German culture:

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"In it is voiced, in a manner most appealing to us, all that is unutterable and inexpressible in the German character, simplicity and heroism, mirth and melancholy, faith and doubt, empirical knowledge and intuition."

We are embarrassed by so ingenuous a display of sentimental egotism. We are embarrassed and yet we have to laugh. We expect an article by the Professor of physiology celebrating joints and tendons, muscle and grey matter, liver and lights, as the peculiar wonders of the German anatomy.

However, this is but an extreme manifestation of a universal human weakness. Self-love flourishes at the core of human nature, and our gracious culture continually represses it. Patriotism lets it gush out in a disguised form. Patriotism shows us how to identify ourselves with a nation, and then adore ourselves under the plausible guise of an altruistic passion. That is the explanation of these fatuous casuistries, and of the peculiar disgust they evoke in one who identifies himself with a different nation, or with none. They are not peculiar to Germany; the peculiar thing is the crude and arrant manner of their Germanic expression.

In England their expression is usually, though not always, a little more subtle. In Professor Cramb's description of the spirit of English imperialism in the nineteenth century we find exactly the same mode of speech, and but for the fact that praise of England is nearer to praise of ourselves, we should have the same disgust for it.

"To give all men within its bounds an English mind; to give all who come within its sway the power to look at the things of man's life, at the past, at the future, from the standpoint of an Englishman; to diffuse within its bounds that high tolerance in religion which has marked this empire from its foundation; that reverence yet boldness before the mysteriousness of life and death characteristic of our great poets and our great thinkers; that love of free institutions, that pursuit of an ever-higher justice and a larger freedom which, rightly or wrongly, we associate with the temper and character of our race wherever it is dominant and secure."

Nothing could be more disgusting in an individual than for

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him to lift up his voice in the public square and announce that he has the de luxe temper of mind, and is about to proceed to impose it upon the whole town; nothing is more disgusting in a nation, to him who can rightly estimate the motives of nationalism.

Mr. F. S. Oliver speaks of "the British Race" with a reverence one gives only to God and oneself. The British Race—a phantasy of pure egotism! And his description of England's imperialism, in a different way, is even more repellent than Professor Cramb's.

"Britain," he says, "like Rome before her, built up her empire piecemeal; for the most part reluctantly; always reckoning up the cost, labor, and burden of it; hating the responsibility of expansion, and shouldering it only when there seemed to be no other course open to her in honor and safety."

That passes anything that can be called by so tolerant a name as casuistry. It is one of those bland, unconscious hypocrisies by which the English government has always made England's gains appear generous, her murders dutiful, her tyrannies just. And the emotional force of it is self-love—just as quivering a sentimentality when once stripped of its perfect assurance as that of the German nationalist.

"If I should die," said Rupert Brooke on his way to the Dardanelles,

> "Think only this of me,
> That there's some corner of a foreign field
> That is forever England. There shall be
> In that rich earth a richer dust concealed."

For which egregious sentiment he will be honored in England long after the rest of his poetry is forgotten.

It might be hoped that in America, where so many old-world nationalisms have been imported, and observed to evaporate into the nothing that they are, we should have arrived at a more cultivated knowledge of ourselves. And if there is, indeed, any special praise due to America among the nations, it will lie in that. Her hyphenated citizens are the best thing she has; for they have been given a celebrated opportunity to become men in-

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stead of Americans, intelligent instead of patriotic. Perhaps a few of them have; but the signs are wanting in this country of any general transcending of the bigotry of nations.

The truth is that the roots of this disposition lie deeper than anything we learn, and the most we can hope from the teaching of a new environment is that it may allow this inevitable weakness to remain unexaggerated. It may be that fewer of our citizens are arrant nationalists than of England's citizens. It may be that fewer of England's than of Germany's are so. The history of these countries leads us to expect it. But these differences, if they exist, are all too faint and superficial to be made a ground for wishing the downfall or defeat of any country.

In fact either a victory or a defeat is the thing that will inflame the patriotic bigotry of whatever country suffers it. We need not say which of these two is the greater misfortune. So far as concerns the hope of weakening nationalism, and bringing forward the day of European union, we can wish for nothing better than a sombre disillusionment of all the belligerent nations. We can wish that no gains be recorded and no indemnities imposed, that these nations shall have to drag their way back to health and reason, each with no consolation, no glory, and no prize. Let them be defeated by war, and let them fear the victor.

VI

THE MENACE OF DESPOTISM

To those who love liberty and individual life, there is a count against Germany in her political institutions which can not be argued away. Even the potent fumes of German metaphysics can not put us asleep to the fact that the German state is a monster. It is a union of the Absolute Autocracy of a feudal caste with that high industrial and technical and social reform development which belongs to the modern world. Such a monster is far more horrible to contemplate, and far more sombre to the hope of universal liberty, than is the natural autocracy

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of a generally backward country like Russia. The revolutionary movement in Russia gives us promise that before she reaches the stage of industrial efficiency which Germany has reached, her political institutions will be so altered that she can not obstruct the progress of liberty with the full power of science. At least she is not doing that now, and Germany remains for that reason eminent among all nations as the bulwark of monarchism.

Her professors will patiently explain to us that we are mistaken in this matter. We do not quite understand "transcendental government"! Our failure of understanding seems to result, says Dr. Hans Luther, City Councillor of Berlin,* "from the conviction that the democratic form of government is the only one that gives citizens the proper influence on the destinies of the state. This is a confusion between form and substance. The important question is the realization of the state in corporate form in which the individual lives in freedom and can assert himself. By what means this goal is to be reached is a question of form."

Dr. Hans Luther will have to forgive us, then, if quite apart from any feeling of nationalism or military hostility whatever, we declare that this particular question of form is to us the paramount question. And the more the German professors are willing to rationalize autocracy into a metaphysical kind of liberty, and the more the German patriots are willing to explain that the German simply happens to *like* order and duty and discipline, as we like liberty and responsibility and individual assertion, the more determined is our conviction that the backwardness of Germany's political evolution is the tragedy of Europe.

For the tendency to make a virtue of necessity is universal, and we are certain that the professors and their pupils of Germany do not "like" feudal government any more than the professors and their pupils of England and France "liked" it, when they had it. We understand their liking it perfectly well; we understand their calling it "transcendental government." It is in fact their liking it and calling it pet names, rather than the mere existence of it, which makes it so dangerous a menace to

* In *Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War.*

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our hopes. That this monarchic military state, and all the emotions and ideologies of the heart and mind which inevitably attach to it, should be rooted up and overthrown in Germany, is the dear wish of every internationalist who loves liberty.

Upon this wish alone a great many of us, who have no nationalism, based our prayer, at the outbreak of the war, that Germany might be signally defeated. "The German people," we said, "are now held fast under the heel of militarism—more solidly and consentingly held there than any other people of Europe. That feudal and absolute military oppression, linked fast with cultural and scientific and social reform progress of the highest type, is the most abominable monster in Europe. And it is the only monster that will surely be slain by a victory of its enemies. That is why we advocate the arms of the Allies, though we have no patriotism but our love of liberty, and no faith that Russia is fighting in the battle of democracy, and no delusion that England and France are the sole repositories of culture and altruism."

But the war has taught us some things. It has taught us that national patriotism is a stronger force than we had ever dreamed. We learned, when our socialist reporters went to Germany, that only four or five hundred thousand of the German Socialists were against the Kaiser's war when it began; that between instinctive patriotism and compulsory enlistment the revolutionary group was utterly broken; that Karl Liebknecht, their leader and hero, although a member of the Reichstag, had been compelled to don a uniform and go to the front to perform menial services for officers of the army. We learned what terrible power a crisis of nationalism gives into the hands of government. And so we have been brought, some of us, to believe that the crushing of Germany, as well as a German victory, would oppose an obstacle to the progress of her revolution.

For German defeat would mean another crisis of nationalism. Injured self-esteem is as absorbing to the heart as exultant vanity. Every German would be a patriot if Germany were invaded; Liebknecht himself would be fighting—or unheard of. The best blessing we can invoke upon him now is that too many of the youth who will follow his leadership may not be slain,

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and that he may have at the war's end a nation filled with a sense of failure to achieve—failure at what monstrous cost!—but not inflamed with the mortification of defeat.

It is no more certain that Germany owes her political forms (and the minds of her professors who defend them) to historic circumstance, than it is certain that the new circumstances—her commercial and industrial development of forty years—will give her new political forms. It has been a surprise to see how many Socialists, trained in the economic interpretation of political forms, have fallen into the ignorant epidemic of fear lest Germany should impose "autocracy" on all the democratic countries. They seem to have forgotten all about the forces that gave us democracy, and guarantee it to us, and will give Germany democracy as surely as they gave it to us. I have heard a Socialist candidate for high office seriously discuss the possibility of a German sentry standing guard at the doors of our houses for the rest of our lives. It seems to me there are times when those impersonal doctrines of historic evolution, which Marx bequeathed to the revolutionary movement, are too frigid to be used. But in a time of patriotic wars, when every mind is besieged by some mania parading as an idealism, a breath of their cool atmosphere ought to be kept blowing all the time.

The forces that bring liberty are at work in Germany as elsewhere in the world, and her imperial despotism will rot within its own heart and fall. We can only lend our aid to those slow forces. And the best aid we can lend is to take out of their way this obstacle, whose power is new to our knowledge—exalted nationalism. If any side must conquer, we are warranted in hoping as democrats that it may be the Allies. But our greater hope should be that a vast pall of equable failure—the disillusionment of patriotism—may descend all over Europe at the war's end. For in that shadow revolutionary things may be accomplished in each of the countries, according to its need.

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CLEOPATRA IN JUDAEA

ARTHUR SYMONS

Cleopatra. "That Herod's head I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone through whom I might command it?"

Antony and Cleopatra, iii 3.

THE PERSONS:

HEROD: King of Judaea.
PHERORAS: His brother.
COSTOBARUS: His brother-in-law.
HYRCANUS: Formerly High Priest.
PHANUEL: A Priest.
SOHEMUS: Of Iturea.
MARDIAN: A Eunuch.
CLEOPATRA: Queen of Egypt.
IRAS: }
CHARMION: } Her Women.

A hall in the Palace of King Herod in Jerusalem. Herod is seated with his counsellors Hyrcanus, Pheroras, Costobarus, Phanuel, and Sohemus.

PHANUEL
This queen, this concubine, this idolatress,
This white tenth plague of Egypt, brother's wife
And sister-killer, this insatiate leech
And whore of all the Cæsars, this outspewed,
Unswallowable and deadly weed of God——

HEROD
Peace; do not prophesy against the queen.
My lords, this is the seventh day our guest,
Cleopatra, came to us from Antony;
Seven days we have done her honor, and today
She will come here to take her leave of us.
The guards are ready and the litters wait.
Think well, my lords, counsel me: shall she go
With state, such as we owe our enemies,
And tribute, back to Egypt? or shall she go
In the narrow balsamed litter of the dead,
Tribute to Antony? Think well, my lords,

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PHANUEL

Cry out, the maledictions of the hills,
And dews of ague from the pools, cry out
Against this woman that shall make Israel sin.

HEROD

We must have patience, Phanuel. My lords,
All hangs upon a moment, which, once past
Returns no more. Consider who she is
Whom now I hold, whom now I hold or loose.
She covets all Judaea, as a fog
Sucks up the watery lifeblood of the earth
She has sucked up the cities of the plain
From Egypt to Eleutherus, save Tyre
And Sidon, both free cities, and she seeks
The freedom of these cities. Syria
She has already, and Arabia
She hopes for; and she comes from Antony
Gone against Artabazes, to subdue
Armenia, that he may give this woman
A kingdom for a bracelet on her wrist.
Do I not now already pay to her
Dues for Arabia, revenues for the groves
Of palm and balsam about Jericho?
One morning, with her arm about his neck,
Antony leans for kisses; which the queen
Sadly puts by: "You love me not," she sighs.
Whereat the fond fool Antony, with oaths
By twenty several gods clamors "A test!"
"Give me Judaea," sobs the queen in tears,
And takes it for a kiss. O Antony
Has kissed away the world, and now the queen
Sets politic bounds to appetite, and stints
Her choicest lusts, lest, for a bankrupt love,
He snatch at no more kingdoms. Counsel me
What I shall do with this wise enemy,
Now my most perilous guest?

COSTOBARUS

Wisdom, my lord,
Were here one thing with honour: let the King
Send back the queen to Egypt; being a queen
She must have royal usage.

HEROD

What think you,
Hyrcanus?

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HYRCANUS

O my son, stain not your hands
With any woman's blood; a woman's blood
Stains deeper than a man's, and hurts the soul.
This is a woman dear to Antony,
And you shall rather take the Nile from him
Than this mere toy of beauty. Men grown fond
Cling tighter to their toys than children do.

HEROD

You are old and wise, Hyrcanus, yet I know
Why you would pleasure Antony. He slew
Antigonus, who cut off both your ears,
To thrust you from the Priesthood. Poor old man,
You have been High Priest, and for a little time
You have been a King, and now, at fourscore years,
Are you so grateful still to Antony
Who lent you his revenge?

HYRCANUS

Phraates the King
Of Parthia gave me room in Babylon.
In Babylon were many Jews, and all
Reverenced me as if I still had been
High Priest and King. But I did ill to leave
Babylon, where all men reverenced me.
Here even Herod mocks me. [*He rises*]

HEROD [*putting him back in his seat*]

No, father,
I also reverence you, I set your place
Above the place of all men at the feast,
I do you honour before all men. Come,
Have patience with me. You have not spoken yet,
Pheroras; you are brother to me and share
My labours in the kingdom.

PHERORAS

Herod, first
Be friends with Antony, and for his sake
Seem friend to Cleopatra.

HEROD

But is she not
A poison in his bones to Antony?
Shall I not rid him of his mortal hurt
In ridding him of Cleopatra?

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PHERORAS

Brother,
Does not a man love better than all springs
Of living water in his neighbour's fields
The poison that is sweet to his own bones?

COSTOBARUS

That you know best, Pheroras. Twice you have spurned
Herod, and his two daughters you have spurned,
And for a handmaid. Truly you cleave close
To your own poison.

PHERORAS

He who speaks to me
Speaks from a better knowledge. As a man
Puts by a woman, so your wife put by
Her husband, being the daughter of a King.
I would not for the Kings of the earth put by
My wife that was a handmaid.

HEROD

Peace, no more.
Is it a time to speak of these things now
Or of the thing now present? You are all
Wranglers among yourselves, each for his own
And no man for the kingdom. Shall I find
Counsel in you or put my trust in you?
For I would make an end now suddenly
Of Cleopatra, and in one stroke rid
Antony of his most unfaithful friend,
Who will one day, when he has need of her,
Sell him for love or safety; and myself
Of this sly enemy, this running flame
That would lick up Judaea like a field
Of windy corn.

PHANUEL

The fire of heaven lick up
The Nile and all its vermin; winds of draught
Suck dry the Egyptian cisterns; may the dust
Of all the desert be heaped over her,
Because of whom Israel shall surely sin.

SOHEMUS

Phanuel speaks truth.

HEROD

How so?

SOHEMUS

Beware of her.

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HEROD
Why, so I would.

SOHEMUS
Let her not come to you;
They say she cast a spell on Antony.

HEROD
I have no fear of any woman's spell.

SOHEMUS
That's not well said, my lord. Antony said
He would not fear a woman.

HEROD
If she should die,
It were well for me and well for Antony.

SOHEMUS
If she should die, what man is there of us
Shall say to Antony: It is for your good
That this your leman, the chief woman now
At this time in the world, has suffered death
For Herod's pleasure? Have a care, my lord;
Send her alive out of the land; but look
Upon her face no more.

HEROD
You have all spoken;
You have said wisely; yet is it my will
To follow out my will, whether it be
Wisdom or folly. This Egyptian plague
Has cumbered the sound earth too long. She is
The idol of the world's idolatry;
No heathen can resist her, for she has
The witchcraft of their gods; but as for me,
My trust is in the Lord God; He is the God
Of my own people, He is the Lord of Hosts.
I will rise up in the young strength of God
And smite this ancient evil, that has wrought
So much of all evil of the world.

[*The doors are thrown open, and an Attendant appears*]

ATTENDANT
The Queen of Egypt and the Queen of Queens,
Empress and daughter of the Ptolemies,
Regent of Isis, Cleopatra!

[*All rise. Cleopatra enters, attended by Charmion, Iras, Mardian, etc. Herod moves forward*

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to receive her, but before he has reached her, Phanuel comes forward with a pointing finger, and cries out at her]

PHANUEL

See,
The leprosy of beauty, the white sin!
Her idols are upon her, Astaroth
Points with the horns of the white poisonous moon
Upon her forehead, Baal is in her eyes.
Beware of the accursed beauty!

[*Cleopatra gazes at him with a tranquil and mocking smile*]

CLEOPATRA

Sir,
Mardian my eunuch shall attend on you.
Go, Mardian, comfort him; speak to him kindly, Mardian.

[*Phanuel rushes out past her with uplifted arms. She turns to Herod*]

Your counsellors are women, by these tears?

HEROD

Pardon, immortal queen: this is a voice
Which cries some sacred madness like a bird,
Not knowing what it speaks. Think it no more
Than a grey handful of the dust which rose
Against you in the desert.

CLEOPATRA

Why, so be it:
My eyes remember that, and my ears this.
These lords are courteous to me, by their looks.
Why do they stand apart?

HEROD

They do but wait
To give you homage.

CLEOPATRA [*to Hyrcanus*]

You may kiss my hand,
Old man. Ah, Costobarus, this is well.
I was your friend, and better than you thought.
Brother of Herod, also my good friend;
And you, Sohemus, be it well with you.

[*They all salute her and go out*]

Go, Iras, Charmion, go; be not far off.
Take Mardian and the others, wait without;

[*Aside*]

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And look you, Iras, if you find a friend,
Sound him of Herod's purpose.

[*They all go out*]

My kind lord,
I have been your guest; I leave you; this last time
We speak together; be the lips of each
Naked as truth.

HEROD

God be my witness, lady,
I have no guile within my heart or mouth.

CLEOPATRA

Which of the gods, Herod?

HEROD

The Lord of Hosts.

CLEOPATRA

We call him Mars: a serviceable oath;
Antony swears by Bacchus, who, they say,
Repents in his own wine. He swears by him
That men may cry "The God!" They're very like;
There is an image somewhere, you would say,
'Tis Antony's big smile, and lips curled back,
And cheeks that pout and dimple to the eyes,
But still the eyes watch and the lips stand firm.

HEROD

Antony chooses well.

CLEOPATRA

You smile, my lord?
Indeed, he feasts past reason. 'Tis a fault.

HEROD

I thought of no such thing.

CLEOPATRA

'Tis very true.
I left him by Euphrates, all his mimes
Supping beside him: certain singing men
And certain dancing women. If Antony
Forgets to be a King, all's over. Hark,
There is a thing I have not told you yet:
I tire of him a little.

HEROD

This cannot be.

CLEOPATRA

Why, not so much but I'd have Antony
Rather than Cæsar; yet Octavius stands
To be the stronger; but no matter.

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HEROD

Madam,
Antony loves you better than the world.

CLEOPATRA

Is not that why I begged the world of him?
He parcels me the world, scrap after scrap,
But slowly, slowly.

HEROD

He has not promised you
Judaea yet?

CLEOPATRA

I swear I never thought
To ask it of him; no, by Isis; no,
I will not ask Judaea, on my life,
Of any man but Herod!

HEROD

Yet even this
Antony gave me, when I fled to Rome,
Scarcely escaped from Malchus.

CLEOPATRA

On your way
You came to Alexandria, and you fled
Into a storm from Alexandria,
Because you feared the sea and Antony
Less than a woman.

HEROD

Did I wisely?

CLEOPATRA

If
I ask of you Judaea, have I then
Nothing to give? You do not answer me.
Are you his servant?

HEROD

Antony is my lord,
I am as faithful servant to him as
I hope for faithful servants.

CLEOPATRA

Antony
Is my lord also; I have no other slave
So faithful to me as this Antony.
By Isis, I have whipped him from his throne
For having frowned upon me. You hold Antony
By serving Cleopatra.

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HEROD

To his hurt?

CLEOPATRA

To his hurt chiefly. Octavia medicines him,
I serve him for his pleasure, not his good;
And thus I keep him.

HEROD

Shall I also keep him,
Who am no woman, nor, as women are,
Naturally inconstant, if I wrong
The trust that holds a man bound to a man?

CLEOPATRA

Listen, Herod. I am not, as you think,
The thing that cries and kisses, may be bought
For kisses and for honey in the words.
I am a woman: women are that thing,
But not a queen, and not a Ptolemy,
Herod; and not, though all the world turned lover,
The woman Cleopatra. I have played
At kisses for the world; not with the world
For kisses.

[*There is a pause. Herod looks at her intently without speaking*]

Once you willed to be a King;
You are a King now, Herod. Are you content?
There is a fiery craft within your eyes
That marks you for a King of more than Jews.

HEROD

So much suffices me.

CLEOPATRA

If you would bend
So low as to allow a woman's aid!
Antony does, but Mariamne . . .

HEROD

No,
Nothing of Mariamne!

CLEOPATRA

How you cry
Nothing of Mariamne! Do my lips
Blacken her name, Mariamne, saying it?

HEROD

A small poor private matter of my own,
So please you, madam. Pray you, let it pass.

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CLEOPATRA
Because you love her?

HEROD
For so slight a cause!

CLEOPATRA
Answer me, Herod. You, who are a King,
Prouder than any king, and in your land
You hold your wives as we our mistresses,
Are you so sure this woman whom you love
Loves you again and loves no other man?

HEROD
I could not be more sure.

CLEOPATRA
Why, that's well said,
That's bravely said, said like a man! That's said
As Antony might say it when he speaks
To praise Octavia.

HEROD
Has Octavia, madam,
Done Antony more wrong than to be chaste,
A keeper of his children and her house?

CLEOPATRA
That's wrong enough: she does him hurt with it,
To make all Rome his hater.

HEROD
I am content
To suffer so much hate.

CLEOPATRA
She is his wife.
Antony tempts her not. I say, think twice
Before you trust a woman once. Think thrice
Before you trust a woman while the world
Holds Antony. No, let me speak. I say
That there is not a woman born of woman
He lusts not after, and not a woman born
That would not serve his pleasure for her own,
If I were not more instant and more strong
Than Antony to content Antony.

HEROD
Then let me speak, if you will have it so.
I say there is one woman, and my wife,
Not to be tempted, not by Antony,
Not with all Rome. I have thought twice and thrice.

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CLEOPATRA
You say it.

HEROD
Who should speak for me?

CLEOPATRA
Your pride:
Antony even now burns after her.

HEROD [*rising*]
He has not seen her face.

CLEOPATRA
Why do you rise?

HEROD
You test my patience, not my loyalty.

CLEOPATRA
With Antony, when women are the talk,
A word suffices.

HEROD
Words I do not fear.

CLEOPATRA
Many have praised Mariamne.

HEROD
They did well.

CLEOPATRA
He doats upon her picture: is that well?

HEROD
Her picture? he, her picture?

CLEOPATRA
Prays to it,
Bears it about with him, calls his friends to see,
Acquaints them with the name, who sent it him . . .

HEROD
You lie, Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA
Do I lie, my lord?
[*She takes out the picture, unrolls it, and shows it to him*]
Do you deny the hand?

HEROD [*snatching it from her, reads*]
"To Antony
From Mariamne."

CLEOPATRA
Is it her hand or no?

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HEROD
Where had you this?
CLEOPATRA
Of Antony sleeping.
HEROD [*walking to and fro*]
Why,
God, of my fathers, why must Mariamne
Be now at Cæsaraea? I would look
Into her eyes until I found the truth
Naked. I would set this name that does commit
Adultery with this name before her face,
As here they kiss together. I would shame
Her mother in her eyes. But I must wait,
But I must wait.
CLEOPATRA
Some of her messengers
I gave to lions, some to snakes; my beasts
Love dearly a man's flesh: they do my will
When a man's justice lingers.
HEROD [*walking to and fro*]
Always now
The mother, with her rage against my throne;
She threats me with her graveyard lineage, thrusts
Her withered ancientness between my sight
And Mariamne. And Mariamne hears
Her voice crying against me; and now . . .
CLEOPATRA
Now
She perils you with Antony, she plays
More than her honour; it is with your life
She plays. But, Herod, I will be your friend.
HEROD [*holding out the picture*]
Do you not bring me bonds from Antony?
Is not this picture for a sign of it,
These names for seals upon it? You are wise,
You work to pleasure Antony: are we friends?
CLEOPATRA
Herod, I stand between your death and you;
I am more your friend than you can think of me.
Let me but speak. Antony seeks your death
In seeking Mariamne: yet in her
Seeks but a moment's woman: while I live
Antony dares not leave me; while I live
He never shall have Mariamne . . .

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HEROD

Ah!
Not while you live, Cleopatra! It is true:
How strangely we forget!

CLEOPATRA

But that's not all:
Does not Mariamne long for Antony?
We stand between them; Herod, what shall we do
For one another? I only am your friend,
Herod, in this; if you will be my friend
In all things!

HEROD

Surely I will be your friend;
I had not thought to be so much your friend.

CLEOPATRA

There have been kings have knelt to me for that
You would not for the taking. Here is my hand:
I would not that you kissed it.

HEROD

The queen's hand
I kiss; and so I seal myself your friend
In all things.

CLEOPATRA

Why, that's well. Hark in your ear:
No man was ever yet a friend to me,
But I will be a friend to you as no man
Was ever yet my friend.

HEROD

How shall that be?

CLEOPATRA

I have learned love in Egypt. All I know
I have not taught even to Antony;
And I know all things. Have I not learned love
In Egypt? there the wise old mud of the Nile
Breeds the dark sacred lotus, and the moon
Brims up its cup with wisdom; I have learned
The seven charms of Isis, each a charm
To draw the stars out of the sky with love;
The seven names of Apis, each a name
To stroke the madness out of cruel beasts;
And I have looked into the heart of death
And death has told me all things, and I know
How to make every hour of life as great,
Terrible, and delicious, as the hour

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When death tells all things. Can Mariamne love
As I can love, Herod?

HEROD

No, not as you
Can love, Cleopatra!

CLEOPATRA

Kings have cast their crowns
Into the dust, and kings that are my foes
I can take up into my hand and cast
Into the dust, for love of me. I am a woman,
But I have power greater than any man's.

HEROD

Though you have greater power than any man,
How should it profit me?

CLEOPATRA

If you are a man,
Why do you ask? Is there not heat enough
In these chill suns that would not warm our winter
To thaw the holy courses of your veins?
How shall it profit? how if it be but
That I shall take your foes into my hands,
And bind them with the girdles of my hair,
And set them blind and bound into your hands?

HEROD

Will you bind Antony for me?

CLEOPATRA

My lord,
You gird at me with Antony. Men forget
The women whom they love; but when I love
No man forgets me. When Mark Antony
Saw me the first time, I was a child at play
In Egypt, a young child; the second time
I came to meet him into Asia,
A queen, and like a goddess. Thirteen years
Had made me and had unmade Antony,
But when he stepped between the silver oars
Into the music and the purple cloud,
His eyes remembered. Herod, since that day
He has not left me. He has a Roman wife,
A wedding-ring, and not a woman; I,
I alone hold the man who holds the world;
And Herod, I will give you Antony.

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HEROD

Why should you do a greater thing for me
Than you have done for Antony?

CLEOPATRA

Because
Herod shall be . . . greater than Antony!
Am I not Cleopatra? are not you
King, yet a king whose neck takes on the yoke,
Antony sets upon it, and his brow
The sorer stain a woman's lightness sets
For Antony upon it? Break the yoke,
Wipe out the stain, be lord of Antony,
And lord of Cleopatra!

HEROD

For what price?

CLEOPATRA

Herod, when you have given me the world,
I will give you more than I gave Antony.

HEROD

I am not rich enough to pay the price,
And the reward is greater than my hopes.

CLEOPATRA

Greater shall the reward be than your hopes:
As great as your deserving.

HEROD

Humbly, madam,
And gratefully, and in all things honourably,
I crave your leave to answer. As for me,
I am an Idumean, and here King
Over the Jews; I owe to Antony
My kingdom, and my honour binds me his.
Also I am the husband of a queen,
Whom I hold fast from all men, as you hold
Antony from all women; in this thing
I take you for ally; it profits you,
And I am profited by it: while you live
I know you never will lose Antony:
May the Queen live forever! As for me,
What I may do to honour you I will;
What honour I shall do you presently
You shall not wait to hear. May the Queen live
Forever; let there be between us two
Peace, and a long farewell.

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CLEOPATRA

My prudent Herod!

[*He goes out. Charmion and Mardian enter*]

Charmion, I add an altar to the God
Of Herod where the altars of my gods
Smoke not in Egypt.

CHARMION

Madam, is all well?

CLEOPATRA

All's well enough, Charmion.

[*She starts up*]

But this dog,
This Herod swine and carrion of a Jew,
This puppet plucked by Antony, this King
Antony would unking for me, if I begged
At the right wine-warmed moment of the feast,
Or under some cool moon upon the Nile;
This husband of a woman, whom he holds
As I hold asps in Alexandria,
For pretty, intimate deaths! a biting thing,
Most cold and biting! I have failed Charmion,
And with this Jew!

CHARMION

Lady!

CLEOPATRA

When Antony
Made laws for Rome, and all the senators
Sat round him in the Forum, I do think
That, passing in my litter, I have seen
Antony rise and run to me.

CHARMION

His seat
Is empty, madam, before an eye but his
So much as sees the litter!

CLEOPATRA

Antony,
Antony's known, reckoned with: let that be.
But you have known Cæsarion's father, speak,
Mardian, if you heard Cæsar answer No
To my most idle word?

MARDIAN

I have seen Cæsar

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Kneel to you, madam, and not take your Yes
So easily as a Kingdom.

CHARMION

They say, madam,
The young Octavius, though his speech is stern,
Dreams but of Egypt.

CLEOPATRA

I am worth a Cæsar,
Charmion; the gods have made what they have made;
We'll not dispraise them. This fierce woman here
Is not ill-mated: let him keep her close;
That's well enough: she's not for Antony.
[*Iras rushes in*]

IRAS

Madam, a plot, a plot!

CLEOPATRA

What's this?

IRAS

Beware!
They plot your death.

CLEOPATRA

Who?

IRAS

Herod.

CLEOPATRA [*with a slow smile*]

No, not Herod.

IRAS

It is from Costobarus, and I wormed
Into his heart, and he is most your friend.

CLEOPATRA

Well, what said he?

IRAS

He said, and not for nothing,
And secretly, that Herod seeks your life,
And means to kill you, and has ready now
A litter for your body, and a guard
To follow it to Egypt, for a gift,
Back to Antony, dead. O who shall save us?
He said he had pleaded for you.

CLEOPATRA

Now this is strange,
Wonderful more than wonderful, most strange,
That not an hour, a little hour ago,

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This may have been: his eyes were cold to me
With thinking of me dead. And now the guard
Is ready, and the litter waits for me,
That is to take me living. I have done well;
I have done wisely, wiser than I knew.

IRAS

O madam, must we die?

CHARMION

What shall we do?

CLEOPATRA

Tremble not, foolish child, the fear is past,
My life is more to Herod than my death;
I have saved myself; Mariamne, whom I hate,
Has saved me, and I have not wholly failed.

[*A knocking is heard at the door*]

CHARMION

Hark, what is that?

IRAS

They are coming.

MARDIAN [*dropping on his knee*]

Spare my life!

CLEOPATRA

They shall not harm you, Mardian, courage, girls,
And bid them enter.

[*Charmion opens the door, and an armed man is seen, with other armed men behind him*]

OFFICER

In the name of the King,
To the most excellent Queen! To Cleopatra,
Herod! The captains of the royal guard,
An hundred horseman of the royal guard,
Captains with chosen spearmen, camels charged,
With five of the King's litters, wait the queen's
Most royal leisure to attend the queen
As far as Egypt.

CLEOPATRA

The King honours me,
Even so will I one day honour the King.

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AUGUST STRINDBERG

FRANCES GREGG AND JOHN COWPER POWYS

THE comparatively late arrival of August Strindberg and the immediate recognition of his place among European writers is of considerable psychological importance. He came late not only to our queer verge of civilization, but to Europe in general. European civilization is now feeling its way, not without misgiving, along the shores of a new "terra incognita"—the perplexing dreams and experiences of Strindberg the hyperborean.

This instant recognition is not, however, in itself sufficient proof of genius. Many have come and gone whose brilliant gifts have been mistaken for that general high level of sensitiveness that is genius. Strindberg, in his instability, his mad self-infatuation, his mental discord, his tortured sensibility, his derangement of growth, suggests rather the unique vision of deformity than the clear vision of harmonious development.

Two books, "Legends" and "The Inferno," are devoted to his adventures in the occult. Much of these two volumes is mystical hypochondria; trifling symptoms are distorted out of all relation to their original value and interpreted according to the time-worn tradition of such things; but from time to time a point of flame leaps from these embers. ". . . *The period of the prophets seems to have come to an end. The Powers want to have nothing more to do with priests, and have taken the direct government of souls upon themselves.*" A dark and troubled beauty pervades these books, and there sounds that mournful note that is dominant in Strindberg. *"All happiness, all peace is illusion, as landscapes look all golden or flecked with silver discs after looking at the sun."*

This newly discovered, yet not new, writer is not easy to estimate, not easy to drain of his formula, of his essential secret. Strindberg is "modern." That word, with its double implication of weakness and power, is applicable to the author of "The Confessions of a Fool" and "Marriage."

He was opposed to the intellectual advancement of women—

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and he reverenced the mother. In the collection of stories called "Marriage" he intended to voice this reverence. He drew the material from the lives of his friends—and half-way through he found that he had recorded nothing but sordid misery and degradation. The book is an arraignment of the marriage code: Strindberg believed that he had proved the invincible evil of woman.

Shaw, when asked what was the greatest hindrance to the advancement of women, replied in one word, "Lust."

Strindberg is the arch-sensualist, jealous of the source of his emotion. He never detached himself sufficiently to dissect or examine the root of his aversion to the more highly organized women. His instinct was against certain things that threatened to interfere with his personal gratification.

Putting together his various plays and stories in which women emerge, we sum up Strindberg's contribution to sex-analysis. There are, according to Strindberg's discovery, only three types of women in the world, and they are all vampires. The first is the spiritual vampire, who betrays, as it were, the very soul of the universe, to drink up the sweet dregs of cosmic pity, to intoxicate herself with the tears of humanity as with a delicious wine; this woman becomes a kind of inverted, perverted female Christus: the second is the cerebral vampire; and of her there are two species: the typical "wife," as in "Comrades," who sucks the intellectual blood of her victims: and the typical "mother," who, as in "The Father," dissociates her offspring from its begetter, and with remorseless assiduity wheedles and goads him into madness, in order that her child may be hers alone: the third is the erotic or emotional vampire, whose sexual instinct is only satisfied by insatiable provocation, a provocation which feeds its jaded senses upon the abnormal and the perverted.

Fear and hate sharpened Strindberg's already abnormal powers of observation. Women have never been so cruelly depicted as by this rational and unsynthetical observer. They discourse with pathos and fervor upon subjects they do not understand; their untrained minds are incapable of subjecting their theories and fancies to logical criticism; they are impressed with their

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own merit and greatness; their talent for clothing the absurdest notions in fine words enables them to infatuate themselves and the followers who applaud them; the contradictory nature of their tenets does not distress them; they desire to be conspicuous; they revel in a scene; that is, in the greatest emotional exercise with the least expense of intellectual energy.

Well, most women do: witness the Suffragette and one's female relations. So far, magnificent; when, however, you have said that man has one set of sex organs, and woman another and quite different; that man by reason of his impulse to generation is idealistic, abstract in thought, philosophic; and woman, by reason of her functional generation, is materialistic, preoccupied with the event and malleable to circumstance, and essentially pragmatic; when, to sum up, you have said that man is the symbol of consciousness, and woman of emotion, you have said all that Strindberg, with a great deal of tortured misinterpretations of his observations, and much futile bitterness, has indicated in about ten volumes of plays and stories.

Ibsen had said all this forty years ago, and being both prophet and seer, had seen woman as the source of all the lyric passion in the world, as the light that was to irradiate consciousness; he had seen the mystic value for all time of "He humbled himself to be born of a Virgin": Woman was the body, Man the soul. Ibsen pointed the way to the health of the body. There you have original and constructive thought.

Strindberg desired truth, and he feared it. He is a Perseus who fears the Gorgon's head less than the shield—for what monstrous distortion of himself might not that mirror show? When his observation appalled him with a need of synthesis and Vision, he denied and hesitated and withdrew; it was easier to react, and so he reacted—violently, without consideration of where his reaction might lead him; then appalled by his reaction he reacted from his reaction, and so by infinite labyrinthine ways he fled the thing that he desired and was stalked by it as by a spectre.

What then is it that makes Strindberg, with all his obvious limitations, so much more interesting, so much more exciting than the rest? What is it that in so peculiar a way seems to

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have in it both the very "perfume and suppliance of the minute" and the roar of the gulfs of the abyss?

It is a strange blending of assurance and misgiving. It suffers and shrinks and hesitates and withdraws, and yet it does not yield. It is embarrassed, bewildered, uncertain, cynical. The shadow upon it is the shadow of disillusion, and we meet it at the parting of the ways. It goes furtively with uneven steps over broken ground, and the goal of its desire wears often the mirage of the hell from which it flees. "Out of its weakness and its melancholy" it is liable at the end of its journey to build for itself a sepulchre of "second thoughts," and to lie down with the emperors and kings of reaction.

Strindberg reminds us of that strange Shadow, of which Poe speaks, whose voice is not solitary but multitudinous. Fragments, morsels, echoes, and snatched refrains of all great recent oracles mutter and beckon and fade above the eddies of his passionate advances and retreats. He resembles them one after another. He has room for these conflicting voices, for the smell of the sweet brute earth, for the silvery monotones of second thoughts; and he has room, he, the amorous idealist, for more savage and mordant outgoings of the Paphian's knot than has any misogynist. Like Hamlet he would bid all little, pathetic, dangerously appealing Ophelias "to a nunnery, and quickly, too!" Yet, like Hamlet, he is ready with his "I loved Ophelia, . . . forty thousand brothers . . ."

Much has been said of the "daring Zolaesque detail" of these novels. Strindberg is Zolaesque in a very limited sphere, and he has selection, which Zola had not. He discourses upon the charm of his wife's petticoat and her seductive stockings; he speaks naïvely of his uxorious emotions: all the things that are delightful in the boudoir he puts into his novels. That may have been daring thirty years ago, but it is not daring to this generation.

His vices, by which we would indicate his petulance, his insane self-preoccupation, his distorted perspective, his morbid irritability, are, in a peculiar sense, his most effective engines and instruments of research. Hate can be as illuminating as love, and with Strindberg, as with Catullus, the "Odi et amo"

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is followed by the inevitable "Excrucior." He hated the successful and the prosperous, he hated gay triumphant people, he desired to be always troubling the waters with some disconcerting and obstinate question, to be a spoil-sport at the dance: all these were elements of the same half-morbid, half-heroic energy, feverish and feeding upon itself, which pushed him perpetually on, into materialism and out of materialism, into marriage and out of marriage, from chemistry to the Bible, and from the Bible to Balzacian Swedenborgianism.

His atheism is unconvincing, his chemistry fantastic, his misogyny extravagant, his reaction into mysticism a kind of moral drunkenness; yet, because he spurned so fiercely the paths of quietness and peace, because even while he loved he hated, and even while he embraced he dissected and exposed, his genius bites and entices us.

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PSYCHE

JEAN MORRIS

ONLY at night he came to her in dreams
She could not see his form or guess his name,
And when the first faint light of dawn had come
Once more she was alone. And all the day
Sweet Psyche wandered by the Ægean shore
And thought of the sad fate he saved her from,
And of the unseen hands which wafted her
Straight from the coming doom to this fair home,
Where all the days were passed in thought of him
And all the nights enraptured by his love.
Yet as the hours passed one by one for her,
Her heart was stirred with strange and sad regret,
As if the little human soul had need
Of more than this, and longed for sight of him,
And all the meaning of her life and love.
And when she questioned him, he answered her,
That happiness was resting on her faith
Since he must leave her should she doubt again.
And that no human soul must doubt or fear
What love has brought, as mortal may not know
The secrets that alone of gods are seen.
But yet her thoughts could not be stilled, and so
One night amidst the hush of dreams she spoke:
"He sleeps; now one brief moment would suffice
If I but dared to light the lamp, and see
Him as he is who must be very fair.
Or else perchance my love is but some dream,
And I have so held close a dreadful thing
Betraying me to loving with closed eyes.
I cannot lie here longer in the dark
I must have light to show me what I love!"
So rose she slowly, trembling in the dark,
Lit her faint lamp to hold above the couch:
In quiet peace, sleeping, she saw her lord,

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Eros, himself, with glory in his face,
And might and truth about his sleeping form.
Then she fell trembling at his feet with awe—
Thus does the soul perceive divinity.

But Psyche, as she looked, forgot her lamp,
Nor saw the drop of oil which slowly fell
Betraying her to Love's awakening.
He rose, and sad the brow he turned on her,
And spoke: "Ah Psyche! frail and heedless child.
No more can we two in the sweet dim room
Sit side by side. And all our tender trust
Which thou has squandered with thy human need
Has left thee, as I too must leave thee now.
My wings outspread, and I must heavenwards."
But she arose with arms outstretched, and cried:
"And wilt thou then no more return to me?
So surely will I seek and come to thee.
Could I forget that I have known thee once
Seen for a moment's space that vision fair?
So will I wander through the world of men,
Nor fear to go through deepest hells for thee.
And I will climb the steepest paths to heaven
And suffer long but come to thee at last.
Unlike our joy then will be to those dreams
We two have had together in the dusk.
For I shall bring my soul to thee at last,
Which through great sorrow's strength and striving high
Will then have found true joy and surety
That thou indeed art very god, and mine."
So spake she through the certainty of pain
And wept to see his outspread wings. But she
Had lightened the god's sorrow with her words,
He smiled once more before he strained away.

Then she in anguish sorrowed through the night
But with the dawn arose to face the day,
That unforgotten smile within her heart.

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OSTEOPATHY

ROBERT H. DUNNINGTON

MUCH confusion exists in the minds even of learned men in regard to what osteopathy is. Some consider it a crude form of manipulation or massage. Osteopathy is not manipulation, and the science of osteopathy is not the science of manipulation. We may have to manipulate in order to get at our diagnosis, but the diagnostic part of our science is not manipulation. Secondly, it is scientific manipulation that is employed, not secret, covert or mysterious magnetic or mesmeric manipulations.

The method of strict manipulation was undoubtedly used long since by Delenze in France, Elliston in England, Lon Brandt and many others; but it was not definitely based upon physical and physiological principles. Our manipulations are scientific, because we base them on well-known and well-established physical and physiological principles.

From the earliest times, when with sickness came suffering and death, devices have been planned and methods adopted to preserve and prolong life. The medical profession has its divine right as a profession among men and nations, but no single or exclusive method has any claim to be the infallible method. In the lapse of ages many have felt that the use of drugs was disadvantageous to the system; that nature pointed out a better method. The anti-drug principles have found a place in the medical history of this country and all Europe.

Dr. Eduard Bauimer, of Berlin, disciple of modern medical science, finds that one thing alone is essential—to know how to heal, to become an adept in the art of healing.

Osteopathy carries us back to nature, to the body, to the body processes, to the body vitalities and the physiological causes, conditions and functions; and on these—not upon mysticisms—we have based and still base our theory of osteopathy. Hilton said: "It is the prerogative of nature alone to repair the waste of any structure. The physician will thus realize that his chief duty consists in ascertaining and removing these im-

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pediments which obstruct the reparative process that thwarts the efforts of nature." This is our idea in attempting to get close to nature.

SYSTEM OF MEDICINE

New conditions will have to be formulated as new modes of treating diseases are discovered. Osteopathy is a system of medicine, using the word medicine not to indicate drugs, but to indicate the science and art of treating diseases or injuries, and the laws that regulate their practice. Any inorganic substance that goes into the body goes simply to play the part of a stimulator; a chemical stimulator, if it is an inorganic substance, is a stimulator to destruction, to the katabolic side of the metabolic process. When we have eliminated by stimulation what forms the nutritive basis of the body organism by this chemical stimulation, there is nothing to take the place of what we have eliminated from the body organism. Hence, osteopathy applies not only to the field of medicine and surgery proper, but also to the field of diet.

When you apply drugs to the body organism, what effect have they? They stimulate something counter-active, counter-irritant, counter-something. If that principle is true, every element and drug that are thrown into the body destroy something, cuts down some element of nutrition. Hence, to give a drug means to give something deleterious to the body organism, unless where toxicologically counter-action is demanded.

This is not a new principle. Hippocrates, in the presence of the gods, bound himself not to give any poisonous or deleterious drugs, either of his own will or by the counsel of another. That is the principle of the school of Hippocrates, and that is where we stand today in osteopathy—nature once more received.

One theory that marks our modern medicine is the microbic theory. Some have misrepresented osteopathy in stating that we do not believe in microbes. If anyone has eyes, can use them and can use a microscope, he cannot deny the existence of microbes. The great question is where shall we place them in the pathology and diagnosis of disease?

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ANTAGONISM AT BASIS OF LIFE

The microbes produce toxic substances, but are also capable of producing anti-toxic substances. There is one of the antagonisms at the basis of life. You never found a form of life that did not involve the struggle for existence. There is no vitality in a muscle or nerve or in any organ that does not depend on this antagonism. Here lies the secret of the physiology of the microbe theory from an osteopathic standpoint.

At the basis of life we have katabolism and anabolism, or the metabolic function. That is performed functionally in pathological conditions by these microbes. What was Pasteur's theory of microbes and their activity? That the disease is produced by means of the microbes acting upon and in a certain field. If we do not have that field for the microbes there can be no disease.

As soon as there is malnutrition of any part of the body or an organ, there we have a culture field in which these microbes can live. What we want to know is what causes that condition of malnutrition. It may be due to contraction of muscles or blood vessels, displacement of bones, or an interference with the nerve supply, the blood supply, or something else that is essential to life.

The pathology of Virchow and others has demonstrated the changes of tissue form and combination under diseased conditions. Hence, we have learned that health represents a normal functional action, while disease represents abnormal functional action. Microbes are not the causes of diseases directly, but indirectly, because in the malnutritional condition of the tissues of the body, there is a field in which these microbes can find a sphere of activity.

Hence, health represents the natural condition of the tissues of the body, suspended upon these conditions: Healthy tissues and their proper individual nutrition, healthy blood and lymph and their proper distribution by circulation and absorption throughout the organism; and normal nerve force, its proper generation in healthy nerve tissues and its proper distribution

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through the organism along the appropriate nerve centres. Here we have the basic principles of health.

BODY A MEDICINAL CHEST

The great schools of serum therapy have emphasized the principle that in dealing with disease we must deal with it from the physiological point of view; that is, from the biological standpoint; second, upon the standpoint of antitoxin or antisepsis on a serum basis that is physiological. Osteopathy steps in to emphasize the fact that it is unnecessary to spend time and labor in the artificial production of this serum outside the body, because the great medicinal chest is the body itself, and the vis medicatrix is the great inherent power associated with the native elements of the body organism.

The body is built up on a proteid basis; it originates from a protoplasmic basis, in which solid substances are suspended in a fluid medium to form the original bioplasm of the body.

This determines that the rearrangement and reorganization must be determined from within, in connection with the inherent forces of vitality in the organism and the vital force of its tissues and organs; that all the materials for this reconstruction must be supplied on a dietetic basis, and that nothing may be regarded as foreign to the organism or alien to its constitution which can be regarded as healthful, health-giving or health-restoring. Hence, all foreign drugs must be eliminated from the field of osteopathic therapeutics.

Osteopathy emphasizes the diagnosis of diseases by physical methods, with a view to discovering not the symptoms, but the causes of disease; the treatment of diseases by scientific manipulations in connection with which the operating physician mechanically uses and applies the inherent resources of the organism to overcome disease, either by removing or correcting mechanical disorders, or by producing and establishing antitoxic and antiseptic conditions to counteract toxic and septic conditions.

The chief point that distinguishes our modern school from the older schools of medicine is the prominence that is given to

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scientific diagnosis. The diagnosis is physical, because it is not based on symptoms but etiology.

No man can diagnose a disease who does not understand the minutest architecture of the body and the deviations from the normal likely to be found in an abnormal or diseased condition of the body. The wear and tear of life render the delicacy of structure and the fine adjustments of the body very liable to misplacement and malignment.

To find out where this displacement or derangement exists, how it takes place, what relation it sustains to the normal relations—these are questions of minute physics, mechanic biology, that physical diagnosis must answer.

KEEPING BLOOD STREAM CLEAR

The blood is formed in particular parts of the body, is composed of certain well-known elements, which, when normal, preserve the isotonicity of the blood tissues and its elements. If the blood does not follow its normal course, is interfered with at the central reservoir or anywhere along its circulation, this represents derangement, and diagnosis must discover where interference exists and why.

The nerve force represents the great vital body force. Each nerve receives its supply of energy from a particular part of the eminent domain of the nervous tissue, and is united by sympathy and vital affinity to each other part of the nervous system. Hence, in the brain it is necessary to divide the eminent domain into localized areas that represent the landmarks of individualized functional activity.

It is necessary to differentiate the cranial nerve supply from the spinal nerve supply, and to localize the foramina of exit and the levels of distribution from the great centres in the lower brain and the lower centres in the spinal cord, in order to get the osteopathic centres of lesion for diagnosis of disease.

Any derangement in any of these systems makes the interference with the intercommunion of nerve elements that give rise to neurasthenic, hypersthenic, etc., conditions, and may in-

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terfere at almost any point in the complicated nervous systems with the body or organic life. To localize these interferences is the great masterpiece of diagnosis in connection with nervous troubles that figure so largely in the diseases to be dealt with by the modern physician.

The larger part of the new science of therapeutics is corrective, a smaller part being occupied with palliative and directly curative measures. The spine represents the great centre of osteopathic manipulation.

Some have asked if we reject chemistry altogether, since we set aside drugs. We recognize toxicological medicine and its necessity. In addition we recognize that the greatest of all chemical laboratories is found in the human body. There we find elements organized on a compound organic basis and united within a unit-organism in such a way as to form the chemical foundation of biological life.

The productive capacity of the body is most remarkable, but this productive capacity is on a definite organic basis. Hence, anything that is inorganic cannot be assimilated to the body substance until and unless it is organized. These inorganic substances can be used only for stimulation, and this stimulation involves the exhaustion of latent energy without supplying anything to take the place of that which is dissipated.

OSTEOPATHIC SURGERY

I wish to mention the field of surgery, as associated with osteopathy. Osteopathic medicine and surgery represent the new school of therapeutics. Surgery must become osteopathic in order to eliminate from the field of surgery much of what we have called "butcher surgery." There is a great tendency in modern times, especially in America, to rush into surgical operations as a remedy for almost any condition. Many diseases that were regarded as incurable or curable only by surgical operations have been cured without the use of the knife.

Inflammatory conditions of the uterus, ovaries and fallopian tubes, which were considered to indicate surgical removal, have

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been completely cured without operations. In this negative field alone, by removing cases of operation, osteopathy has done incalculable good in calling a halt to those remedies that have unsexed thousands of women.

Osteopathically, the operative field of surgery becomes the last resort in cases where portions become dangerous to the organism, or growths are found that hazard the body vitality.

In this age of enlightenment and scientific investigation, nothing can claim a place that cannot prove its claims beyond a reasonable doubt. Of osteopathy, the new claimant in the field of therapy, it may safely be said that many of the hitherto incurable forms of disease have yielded to its application, and many of the diseases already regarded as incurable have also been cured by the scientific manipulations applied by the skilled osteopath.

It claims that where it has been applied with accurate knowledge it has been beneficial, restoring many otherwise incurable cases to health, and doing so without recourse to drugs that leave the dregs of their after-effects in the system.

You are not asked to receive it by faith. If it stands the test, conforms itself to physiology, anatomy and pathology, applies well-known and rational principles of physiological physics, then the true scientific spirit will demand its acceptance, and justice will provide a place for it in the field of therapy.

Having presented the claims of this new science, we rest assured of final victory, and in the meantime we wait with patience for the fullest recognition such a science demands.

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THE SPECTRIC SCHOOL OF POETRY

ANNE KNISH AND EMANUEL MORGAN

THE Vorticist School of poetry died an ignominious death in London, snuffed out by the explosion of the war. This was no great loss, because the experiments of this school, though interesting, were actuated by a wrong theory of poetic expression. These writers underestimated the amount of clarity which even the most daring poetic sketches must have; as a result, their works hardly resembled human speech.

The Spectric School has tried to avoid this pitfall which menaces all really original poets. Even in its most novel efforts at advancing the frontier of the known world of poetry, it has retained a measurable degree of communication with the world of every-day speech. It has done this in spite of the fact that it was engaged in working out a theory that might easily have led to excesses of abstraction.

The theory of the Spectric School is not difficult to grasp if one comes to it with an open mind. Its formula divides itself naturally into two propositions, alike in essence but different in application.

The first of these propositions affects the mental attitude of the poet in so far as he is a perceiver of objects and a recipient of impressions; the second affects him in so far as he is the portrayer of objects and the creator of expressions. We may take them up separately.

Every object, scene, person, and episode of the human world is to be regarded by the Spectric poet as a concrete focus of infinities. The subject of every Spectric poem has the function of a prism, upon which falls the white light of universal and immeasurable possible experience; and this flood of colorless and infinite light, passing through the particular limitations of the concrete episode before us, is broken up, refracted and diffused into a variety of many-colored rays. Some one of these rays will impress the poet more than others; and he will necessarily color his whole poem with its hue. But in so doing—and no amount of care can enable him to do otherwise—he must, if he is to

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create a fine work, have regard for the fragmentary nature of his perception, and allow his creative imagination to indicate some relation between his limited and single-colored vision and the great stream of pure light from which the vision originally was separated. As is said in the preface to the forthcoming book *Spectra,* by Emanuel Morgan, the discoverer of the theory, and Anne Knish, " the theme of a poem is to be regarded as a prism, upon which the colorless white light of experience falls and is broken up into glowing, beautiful, and intelligible hues." This preface omits to point out the fact that the poet must by means of his reconstructive vision bring to the reader some hint of the original light in all its completeness. Spectrists, however, are putting this extension of the theory into effect.

The second proposition of the Spectric School relates to the method of expression; and involves some consideration of the psychological processes by which the mind forms images of the outside world. The senses, and the mind behind them, act to a certain extent as a prism in relation to the emanations of the physical world. Vibrations of sound, color, or heat impact upon the sensory nerves, are conveyed in the form of a totally different kind of vibration to the brain, and there become once more transformed into some variety of emotion or motor impulse. Thus a flower, when it reaches the conscious intelligence *via* this devious channel, is no longer the flower of the outer world; it is the plexus of a number of different impressions. Just as a beam of white light breaks up in passing through a prism, and becomes a spectrum, so the entity of the flower is dismembered when it enters the consciousness. We perceive the color, the qualities of its form in space, the scent of the pollen and the stem, its coolness and smoothness and softness to the touch, its faint rustle as the wind stirs it. Out of these elements the mind, behind the prism of the senses, must recombine by another act of the intelligence the parted rays, in order that it may grasp the unity, the white light, the Platonic Idea of the original flower.

In art, particularly in poetry, it is a great gain to be clearly aware of these facts, and to take conscious advantage of them. This is the aim of the Spectrist. He tries, not to give the flower

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in its original unity, which is impossible, but to make perceptible the various rays, the various elements, out of which the perceiving mind would have, in the case of an actual first-hand perception, to create its idea of the flower. Or, to choose a more complex example, if he wishes to describe a landscape, he will not attempt a map, but will put down those winged emotions, those fantastic analogies, which the real scene awakens in his own mind. In practice this will be found to be the vividest of all modes of communication, as the touch of hands quickens a mere exchange of names.

The Imagists, suicidally advertised by a concerted reciprocal chorus of poet-reviewers, might once have been capable of employing this very theory in a tentative way. The time is past, however, when Spectrists can hope for co-operation in this quarter: and the latest of the modern movements in poetry must be content to go its own way after the fashion of "the spear that knows no brother."

OPUS 181

ANNE KNISH

SKEPTICAL cat,
Calm your eyes, and come to me.
For long ago, in some palméd forest,
I too felt claws crawling
Within my fingers. . . .
Moons wax and wane;
My eyes, too, once narrowed and widened.
Why do you shrink back?
Come to me: let me pat you—
Come, vast-eyed one . . .
Or I will spring upon you
And with steel-hook fingers
Tear you limb from limb. . . .
There were twins in my cradle. . . .

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OPUS 45

Emanuel Morgan

AN angel, bringing incense, prays
Forever in that tree;
I go blind still when the locust sways
Those honey-domes for me.

All the fragrances of dew, O angel, are there;—
The myrrhic rapture of young hair,
The lips of lust;
And all the stenches of dust;—
Even the palm and the fingers of a hand burnt bare
With a curling sweet-smelling crust,
And the bitter staleness of old hair,
Powder on a withering bust.

The moon came through the window to our bed.
And the shadows of the locust-tree
On your sweet white body made of me,
Of my lips, a drunken bee.

O tree-like Spring, O blossoming days,
I, who some day shall be dead,
Shall have ever a lover to sway with me.
For when my face decays
And the earth molds in my nostrils, shall there not be
The breath therein of a locust-tree,
The seed, the shoot of a locust-tree,
The honey-domes of a locust-tree?—
Until lovers go blind and sway with me—

O tree-like Spring, O blossomy days,
To sway as long as the locust sways!

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BLACKFOOT'S MASTERPIECE

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

I CAME out of the Fifth Avenue Auction Room and it was snowing. I had just seen Blackfoot's canvas sold for twenty thousand dollars and Ramsey, the connoisseur and dealer, had come up to my friend Trycup, who stood fingering a stick beside me, and had made a little speech. Trycup, like Blackfoot before him, is a painter of promise. Blackfoot, you know, went insane, is tucked away in some asylum upstate. Ramsey touched Trycup on the shoulder and spoke benevolently. I couldn't stand it. The speech made me half ill. "Keep your shoulders straight, my boy," said Ramsey. "Breathe deeply and keep your shoulders straight."

I went over to Fifty-eighth street and asked a woman to dine with me. She is a sensitive, aristocratic-looking woman, came from somewhere out in the middle west, and I wanted to hurt her. I thought I should tell her the story and watch her sensitive face quiver. There was something almost perverse in my desire to hurt so lovely a child and there is some of the same perversion in my wanting to see Blackfoot's story spread upon the printed page. I want to hurt many people, if I can.

As I went into the restaurant with my woman friend that evening after the picture was sold, the proprietor stepped forward to take my coat. He is grey and unctuous and looks like Ramsey. His hand fell on my shoulder and I heard his voice saying softly, "You've become a bit round-shouldered, my boy. Better straighten up. Get into the habit of breathing deeply and throw your shoulders back."

I didn't hit the restaurant man. Perhaps my hand trembled too much. Instead I snatched the coat from his hands and ran and the woman ran after me. "You go to the devil," I shouted to the man and when the woman caught up to me I went along past droves of people, past the dead, perplexed, evil-looking people who let the great Blackfoot go insane in their midst, telling the tale I now tell to you. It hurt my woman friend as I knew it would. I hope it will hurt you also.

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Blackfoot was a poor artist in New York City twenty years ago. That isn't anything special, but then you see he was a real artist and that is always something special. He was married to the daughter of a laundryman and lived over in that medley of streets in lower Manhattan, known as Greenwich Village.

I won't talk of his poverty. It was horrible, but that isn't the point. Comfort and an established place in the world are sometimes quite as horrible. Anyway, there he was in the dark, cheap, little flat, with children crawling about underfoot, and other children always coming, and disorder and dirt everywhere about him.

Blackfoot was a thin, pale man of thirty, and he was round shouldered. He should have straightened his shoulders and breathed more deeply, there can be no doubt of that. It is a good rule for any man to adopt who marries a laundryman's daughter, given to the having of babies, and who lives with her in a flat in Greenwich Village in New York City.

One day Blackfoot painted this picture. He got to work at it one gloomy morning in February and something happened. Order sprang out of disorder. His brush fairly sang across the canvas. All day he worked and half the next day, and his soul was glad. He forgot all of the facts of his disorderly life and just worked. The picture had everything in it—balance, poise, movement, and that most damnably elusive of all things in a work of art, sheer lyrical beauty.

Of course Blackfoot felt like quite a man when the job was done. He put on a frayed overcoat and hunted out a cane he hadn't carried for five years, and then he went striding off to see Ramsey. He knew Ramsey would know what he had done and that Ramsey had money. It is a combination hard to find. There wasn't any one to go to but Ramsey, you see.

As Blackfoot went along he came to a resolution. The most absurd notion came to his mind. He put a price on the picture he had painted. "I'll have twelve hundred dollars for it, by God," he told himself.

Blackfoot met Fred Morris on the street. Every one in New York knows Fred. He is a good soul who makes money out of art, and paints pictures that sell. He was genuinely interested

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in what Blackfoot had done and congratulated him. "Good work, old man," he said, when the excited artist had told him the story, and then he touched Blackfoot on the shoulder with his stick. "You want to straighten yourself up," he said. "You're getting a little too round shouldered. I take a walk every afternoon and throw my shoulders back. It has been good for me. You had better do that."

Ramsey came the next morning to see Blackfoot's picture. You get a sense of him, grey and quiet and sure, picking his way through Blackfoot's place among the kids and into the room where the picture was hung. He knew at once that a big job had been done and frankly said so. "Of course," he said, "you have come through big. What do you want for the thing? I'll take it right now."

Blackfoot was glad. He knew what he had done, but he wanted Ramsey to know also. "Twelve hundred dollars," he said quickly.

Ramsey shook his head. "I'll give a thousand," he answered, and when Blackfoot got angry and began to storm about the room, he was very gentlemanly and decent. "Let's let it go," he said. "It doesn't matter. No good our getting into a row. I think you are going to be a big man and frankly I don't want to quarrel with you." He started toward the door. "By George, Blackfoot, you have some fine children," he muttered. "Take good care of yourself. You have responsibility here. I've noticed you're getting a little round shouldered. I was in the army myself. That started me right. I got into the right physical habits, you see."

Blackfoot waited a week before he went back to Ramsey. In a way he thought he had been too hasty. "A man's got to take things as they come, and I can't expect to have others feel as I do about my work," he said. Putting on the frayed overcoat he went over to Ramsey's place, forgetting this time to carry the cane.

Ramsey showed his hoofs. He offered Blackfoot seven hundred dollars for the canvas. He was soft voiced and gentlemanly, just as before, but that's all he would give and Blackfoot just turned and went out through the door, too furious to speak.

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He wanted to kill some one. Artists are that way. When you apply what the world calls common sense business methods to your dealings with them, they don't understand.

Ramsey finally got the canvas for four hundred dollars. Blackfoot made two more trips to his place and the last time he gave up. He had come out of Ramsey's house and was standing in the grey twilight looking up and down the street, not intending to give in at all, and then he just did. Rushing back, he accepted the four hundred dollars for the canvas that later sold for twenty thousand, and took the money in bills on the spot.

I haven't, I hope, overdone Blackfoot's poverty. I don't really remember how many children he had, not more than three or four, perhaps, but there was another coming. Of course, he was in debt at the grocery and to the landlord and had no credit.

The four hundred helped a lot. Things were brought in and a woman was employed to clean up and feed the children. Blackfoot himself built a roaring fire in the fireplace in his wife's room. He seemed happy enough, but he was tired. At ten o'clock he went to bed in a room with two of the children.

That's the last any one ever saw of Blackfoot. The chattering thing up in the asylum who runs about telling people to breathe deeply and straighten up their shoulders has nothing to do with the man who painted the canvas I saw sold to-day.

Blackfoot went out with a swing. Bless his heart for that. It must have been two o'clock in the morning when his wife awoke on her cot in the corner of the little living room, and saw her husband sitting in a chair by the open fire. He had on a torn pair of pajamas and one of the legs was ripped so that his long thin leg showed through, and the poor fool had searched out the walking stick and had it hanging on his arm. When his wife screamed he paid no attention at first, but presently he got up and came on tiptoe across the room to her. With the cane he touched her on the arm. "Straighten your shoulders," he said softly. "You must breathe deeply and throw your shoulders back."

That's all he said, and the wonder is that his wife did not go insane also. For when the woman awoke she saw something

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that must have made her heart stop beating. The thing she saw was as fine as the painting of the great picture. There in the firelight, in the little flat in Greenwich Village, with the cane hooked over his arm, Blackfoot had done a lovely thing. Alone in the silence, with his mind gone, and every one asleep, he had fed the bills given him by Ramsey one by one into the fire.

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SAINTS?

ANNA BARTRAM BISHOP

IT is marvellous, the number of ideas appearing in masquerade, in the dresses which special circumstances gave them once upon a time and which they still wear, to the confusion of thought and living.

I have been reading Hello, that example of a large gift gone wrong. His dramatic sense, his lambent style, fitted him to be an incomparable showman of real values. Instead, by some quirk of temperament, he pulls down a curtain before the world and plays in front of it with misunderstandings.

A man who can scourge till his most ethereal victim seems to crouch and shiver beneath the lash of his phrase; who can turn beauty and grandeur into presences; who has the rare ability to obey Nietzsche's great admonition, *Dire les choses les plus abstraites de la façon la plus corporelle et sanglante:* this man is capable of holding *la blessure originelle de l'homme* to be man's falling short before a monarch in the skies.

Hello devoted his vivid powers to demonstrating that earth is a mere satellite of heaven and men are citizens first of an *au dela.* The waste of such a position for such a mind! Only one of Hello's own telling phrases could describe it. But a figure like this, standing out so brilliantly, puts in high lights all the things he mistook, the things which carelessness still mistakes.

There is the place of mystery. From coinciding with the undescribed, the mystery in the world actually concentrates into what may ultimately resist analysis because it lies beyond man's cerebral reach. The character of the mystery also changes with this change of place. It ceases to seem a storehouse of power to be conjured with now and again. It ceases, further, to be worshipful. Lying beyond our understanding it defies formulation; and worshipping no one knows what makes a particularly pure fetichism instead of a religion.

Then there is the actual status of Saints. In a cosmogony of which heaven is the centre, Saints show as glorious figures. When the emphasis is altered, and men turn to earth as the

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logical field of endeavor, and to the race as the proper object of service, Saints appear as devoted to a foreign allegiance. For their first duty is to a lord above. They themselves are foremost in acknowledging it. Any other attitude they invariably repudiate with horror. No Saint worthy the name would ever say that a service of his was done for men; not at all. It was done only for the glory of God.

This position, however, makes of Saints something stranger than foreign subjects. It names them traitors to their kind for preferring another effort to the one which more and more looks compelling—the effort of saying successfully to the brute reactions, "You shall," and so putting consciousness in command of the human scene.

But Saints have still another character. In holding themselves at the mercy of an irresponsible lord, in waiting on his slightest gesture, in abusing themselves to please him, what are they if not abject slaves of a tyrant? From their own records the picture emerges, a picture of base ideals of both God and man. To glory in being a victim, to admire brutality in whatever will, is a low depth to sink to; a far lower depth than submitting to slavery perforce. And in this deepest shame Saints joyfully grovelled.

The Christian martyrs, too, have a different appearance, bared of the pathos surrounding them. What were all their sufferings for? To make life better in any way for those having to be born into it? By no means. The Christian martyr's one aim was to secure for himself a happiness that would be eternal. Here he saw but transitory happiness; there, outside the world, in heaven, he could, according to the teaching of the new god, enjoy happiness forever. Prepared to go to any length to accomplish this end, and living in a blood-thirsty age, the martyrs turned blood-thirsty upon themselves. It did not occur to them, more than to later Saints, that a God liking such horrors in his service somewhat too closely resembled the emperor they were escaping. Both the martyrs and the other Saints quite failed to see that difference in distance and direction leaves certain things just the same; that relish of suffering, in heaven, is as ugly as relish of it here.

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Naturally all these people could be cruel to their fellows on occasion. To worship dark morals is, patently, to risk having dark morals ourselves.

The essence of what has been called sainthood and martyrdom is, then, a curious brew of egoism and slavishness and lust of blood. Has been called, I say, for the time is almost here when saint will stand only for him who triumphantly fights waste of consciousness that comes through tyranny, misery, disease; while martyr will mean the person who goes down on that great battlefield.

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BUTTADEUS

(A battle episode of July, 1915)

WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON

I UNDERSTAND: that smoke-cloud is Souchez
(Your gunners know their craft!); that is Ablain,
Or was Ablain; this dust and shattered stone,
The chapel of Our Lady of Lorette;
And there you fought, that frenzied middle May,
From spur to spur along this torn Plateau,
From trench to trench; and there your burrowing bombs
Tossed from their graves the rotting Teuton dead
To mix with these new slaughtered . . .

You are blest
Who, for the winged and visioning spirit of France,
Tread God's permitted way to splendid death!
If I could also die . . .
Yes; I am old,
Old by uncounted battles. Friends, I saw
Jerusalem fall! I saw the sacred hill
Boil horribly skyward from a plain of dead,
A mount of blood and flame. I saw the walls,
The strength of Zion, razed to earth. I lived
Whilst they, a million, five score thousand, died
Of pestilence and hunger, fire and sword.

You smile.—This is not dotage: I am he,
The cobbler—surely you have heard the tale—
Who, buffeting the Master (whence my name
Buttadeus, God-smiter), bade him go,
He fainting on my threshold 'neath the cross.
"I go," he said; "wait thou until I come,
Ahasuerus!" . . . I am waiting still . . .

Smile on, French comrades! If I too could smile,
Perchance I too could die! . . . In your dear tongue,

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Tongue of the Midi, I am Boutedieu;
I am the watcher of the wars of earth;
I am the witness of the man he was;
I am the prophet of his peace. Smile on!

Great war? World war? I hear you call it so—
Well, you have seen but this, while I have seen
Blood reddening nineteen hundred rings of growth
Of the fair tree of Christ, that tree whose roots
Suck from the muck of earth the living sap
That flowers in man's consciousness of God.

Great war? This is a skirmish! Good and ill
Fight out their age-long battle and shall fight
Till heaven's kingdom, even as he said,
Is all in all within us . . .
Peace? Peace? Peace?
While wrong is wrong let no man prate of peace!
He did not prate, the Master. Nay, he smote!
I am his witness and this thing I saw:

It was the Passover. The Gentiles' Court
Was thronged with hucksters; and I too was there
Yelping my string of sandals; and the beasts
Bellowed and bleated, while the cries of greed,
The filthy word, the reek of sweat, steamed up
The sacred steps, across the Women's Court,
Even to the Holy Place. And as I yelped
He came swift striding, silent, sackcloth-girt,
Wielding a mighty scourge. No flagellant's toy
It was that purged the Temple! Shittim-wood,
Hard, heavy, fashioned by his craftsman hands,
With ropes, hard, heavy, knotted at the ends,
Bone-biting. See! these old, old scars will show
Whether his arm could strike, trained to the axe,
To hew the plow-beam, shape the oxen's yoke
(His yokes were easy, said the Nazarenes)
And fell the oak and gopher. Through the Court

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He strode, with stroke on axeman's stroke, his hair
Sweat-matted, in every sinew righteousness
That wrought the will of God by wrath of man!
And there were shrieks of fear and snarls of pain
And blood and bruises, as those hewing stripes
Fell on our thieving backs—and mine was one.
And when the Court was purged and all was calm,
He turned him to the common folk he loved
And spake the words you know. But words and blows
And these dear witness scars mean only this:
"While wrong is wrong let no man prate of peace!"

You nod, French comrades, looking grimly down
On lost Souchez, on shattered Givenchy,
And the white road to Lens. You understand
The godlike flame and frenzy of the man;
You think of Belgium, all her ruins and wrongs,
A den of thieves, a temple still unpurged;
You think of France, her sacred woman-soul
Maddened with memories of nameless things—
You understand! How well you understand . . .

Hate wrong! Slay wrong! Your master-gunners there
Thunder that gospel; and evolving life,
Life mounting Godward, knows that teaching true
While flesh is flesh, while sin is sin— And yet
There is another gospel! For your hearts,
Passioned with wonder and worship and great dreams,
There is another gospel!
Feel this air,
Warm with the sun of France, invisible,
Fluent, enfolding, palpitating, vast,
Breathing and breathed. Dear friends, around our souls
Floweth another air invisible,
Vast, palpitating, breathed and breathing—God!

This was the Master's message; nothing more:
This was the Master's message! But he dies,

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Nailed to misunderstanding as a cross,
Through age on age of error. He was man
As we are men, and God as we are God,
Not otherwise, else is that message vain—
O Lover I smote! Ineffable Loneliness
That faced Golgotha! Thou hast come indeed;
I share thy vigil on the mountain height;
I know the passion of Gethsemane;
I feel the Presence flow across thy soul,
Vast, palpitating, breathed and breathing—Love!

Brothers, believe this truth: that whoso prays
As prayed the Master; whoso fashions his heart
By wonder and worship and immortal dreams
To a gift meet for Godhead; whoso yearns
To lose his self in Self's infinitude—
The pure Shechinah in his soul shall dwell
As in the Master's. And every man on earth
May live as he, wrapt in the Spirit Divine,
The Fatherhood whose sons are all that love;
And, living so, shall year by happy year,
And life by life, and light by mystic light,
Up to the mount of self's last Calvary,
Know that which passeth understanding—Peace;
Vast, palpitating, breathed and breathing—Peace!

Hate wrong! Slay wrong! else mercy, justice, truth,
Freedom and faith, shall die for humankind—
Slay! that His Law may live! But, having slain,
O seek the quiet places in your souls,
The lonely shore of your Gennesaret,
Your Mount of Olives, your Gethsemane,
Where waits the Peace of God.

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NOTES ON ART

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

1

POISE.—Poise is the secret of all great art in every age. Poise necessarily includes contrast. It is the etiquette which distinguishes the great works of an epoch from the merely solid or architectural works, and is embodied in the highest æsthetic achievements of Egypt, China, India, Italy, Flanders and France. It is the *living* quality of an art work, because it is that which generates the process of symbiosis, or empathy, in the beholder. Poise implies the negative as well as the affirmative, the female as well as the male. It is not static balance, as in symmetry, but symmetry galvanized into a perpetual cycle of movement. It embodies all the laws of nature, for it states the eternal placements and displacements, the fluctuations and compensations of materiality. If the work of art containing poise moves, there is always the foil of the static. If the work glows, there is the relative agent of shadow. If the work has harmony, there is the counterbalance of discord. In all the statements of poise, the opposites are likewise true. Poise is the underlying cause; all material superimpositions are resultant effects. We react to it in art because it sums up every impulse of our own physical and mental lives.

2

MEDIA OF ART.—The medium of painting is color. The medium of music is sound. The medium of literature is document. Æsthetic form is produced by the arrangement and coordination of the differentiations of these media.

3

CHILDREN OF THEIR EPOCHS.—The painter or sculptor who, endeavoring to belittle modern efforts in art, asserts that

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he is a child of Egypt, Assyria or Greece, reveals at once his complete ignorance of the art of those countries. In order to produce work such as the ancients produced one must of necessity possess the same type of temperament and mentality which the ancients possessed. Such a mental parallel is obviously impossible between two totally different ages, for attitude and temperament are governed by the organisms of environment. A painter or sculptor who lays claim to these temperamental affinities is unable to grasp the foundations of modernity. And since those foundations were laid in the ancient and medieval worlds, the "modern primitive" can probe no deeper than the superficial aspects of those early works with which he claims relationship. At best he can give birth only to a bastard and weakened art. He who is not of his own age belongs to none.

4

THOUGHT AND ART INSEPARABLE.—Many of the leaders of modern art have been charged with having too philosophic and analytic an outlook to be genuinely creative artists. Indeed, by many the whole constructive revolution of the contemporary searchers—Strauss, Schoenberg, Korngold, Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso—is regarded as a coldly scientific and theoretical movement. Is ignorance, then, an aid to the creator? Is knowledge a handicap to æsthetic production? It is difficult to regard such a doctrine seriously. In the entire history of art there has never been a great creator who did not possess a profoundly philosophic brain, who was not a leader of men and thought, who did not sense more than vaguely the underlying forces of life. Where history stops on the hither side of their work, we can read the problems of philosophy from their creations; and herein lies the man! Yet there are critics who sneer at the idea of "understanding" a piece of art. One should, they explain, enjoy it immediately and instinctively! A dictum of ignorance! Is not such a doctrine the outgrowth of a desire to explain away one's lack of enjoyment? Thought is a great and joyful adventure for all but weaklings: it has even wooed men away from life. But the non-thinker, fearing the vicissitudes of thought,

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cries " degeneracy " at the notion that æsthetic enjoyment necessitates a process of mentation. Furthermore, he denies that the man who ponders and analyzes can enjoy a work of art. Another stupid fallacy. It is only he who understands, to the last point, the construction of a master's work, that is able to experience the fullest ecstasy which the work has to offer. Who would dare say that the onlooker receives more pleasure from an art work than the artist who created it? When we can *know* a work of art as well as feel it, can *live* it as well as admire it, we are, in reality, only recreating the work with the artist as personal guide.

5

TWO ELEMENTS OF ART.—Just as man is the result of the conjunction of the male and the female, so is art the offspring of the abstract medium (color, sound, document) in conjunction with the concrete symbol (objects, notes, actions). Art can never be wholly abstract any more than it can be wholly imitative. Its mission is certainly not to make us think: life with its infinite variations and manifestations presents a richer field for posing problems. Nor is its mission that of imitation: such a procedure would be useless and sterile of emotional results. The middle ground between abstract thinking and imitation must, then, be its terrain. Here the abstract comes into harmonic conjunction with the concrete:—these are the outermost limits of thought and sensation. Neither one can create alone. Both must be present, like cause and effect. The cause is, of necessity, an abstract force: this is the medium. Out of it must come a recognizable world—not in the sense of life, but of art.

6

SYMBOLISM.—Those who search for symbolism in art are incapable of true æsthetic emotion. Unable to react to a work of art which they have been taught is great, they seek to endow it with petty mythical qualities which their minds are capable of grasping.

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7

MODUS OPERANDI.—In all art the end justifies the means. Conscientiousness, sincerity, sacrifice, lengthy endeavor, idealistic tenacity—these things are of no value without consummation. A magnificent result, no matter how hastily, carelessly or falsely achieved, is the sole test of greatness. Only failures, and the weak who instinctively sympathize with failures, make an artistic virtue of laborious intentions.

8

THE BASIS OF ÆSTHETIC FORM.—Æsthetic form, in order to become emotion-producing, must reflect the form which is most intimately associated with our sensitivities. It must primarily be physical. The modern tendency in painting to make objects abstract and to divest subject-matter of all its mimetic qualities, has led some critics and painters to the false conclusion that form itself is unrelated to recognizable phenomena. But even in the most abstract of the great painters the form is concrete. In the broad sense it is susceptible to geometrical demonstration; and its intensity is in direct ratio to its approximation to human organisms. In fact, there are no moving forms which do not have their prototypes in the human body in action.

9

RHYTHM.—Symmetry in movement.

10

CHACUN À SON GOUT.—What of the sentiment in art? you ask. What of the ecstasy of sweet association, the thrill of dramatic suspense, the pleasure of recognition? In answer let me point out that if you go to art for such things it is not necessary to go to the greatest art. Tschaikowsky can draw more

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tears than Beethoven: Victor Hugo is more excitatory than Balzac: Raphael is more charming than Rubens. For such people there is always the "art" of the drama—that bourgeois amusement. And for the semi-intellectual there is, of course, the opera.

11

Evolution of Art.—Art began as imitation, then progressed to pure decoration. In this latter phase it constituted an organ whose purpose it was to fulfil a given function: it was dependent on environment for its complete destiny. From this condition art evolved into organizations, into plastically complete units, functioning within and by its own powers, independent of its environment. In this last step toward total freedom from exterior aid or hindrance, a work of art became a self-generating cosmos.

12

Creation and Analysis Are One.—Let us no longer separate the analytic mind from the creative. The highest type of analytic mind resides in him most able to create. An artist can progress in his work only to as high a point as he can understand.

13

Parvenus.—Discipledom in the young artist is as necessary as his later emancipation. No one can commence building an art where his most advanced predecessor left off. He must travel the same road as that taken by his predecessor if he is ever to outdistance him. Happily, all artists start from the same goal, namely, æsthetic ignorance. And they can never learn by another's mistakes. They must make those mistakes themselves before the experience can become *assimilated* and the lesson *felt*. A disciple's progress is, of course, faster than his forerunner's. The latter's trail is open to all; his methods are clarified. To

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pass beyond him when the extent of his achievement has been reached is the great problem of the innovator. The new man not only must overcome prejudice, contumely and conservative ignorance, but he must construct a highway as he goes. The brave man who follows this long and difficult route has only scorn for those artists who leap from rudimentary academism to the last phase of art's progress. These latter men are parvenus, lovers of shallow effects. They succeed only in imitating the surface aspects of the masters.

14

A Work of Art as an Interdependent Unit.—No part —however minute as form—of a genuine piece of art can be altered without necessitating the alteration of the entire character of the work.

15

The Meaning of Simplicity in Art.—To-day, because of the progress art has made in advance of both critics and public, we hear and read much concerning the simplicity of great art. We are told that the great minds are the simple minds, that art should come within the comprehension of all. And yet these very disciples of simplicity indulge in eulogies of Michelangelo and Gothic architecture! The works of the great Florentine and of the builders of the Rheims and Rouen cathedrals are anything but simple manifestations. Indeed, they are complexity itself. How is it, then, that these lovers of the simple pretend to penetrate and enjoy such art works? The answer is that they have confused cause and effect. No great art has been born into the world since before the Renaissance which is simple art. Even the really simple art of the ancient world is far more complex than the layman is capable of understanding at a glance. There is in all art, however, a certain simplicity of vision. A great work of art presents itself as a whole. It appears to the spectator as a unique ensemble, as a unit. Thus, in the same way

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that the human body or any natural object may be simple, so is there simplicity in art. It is a seeming, not an actual, simplicity. The reason a person speaks of the simplicity in a Michelangelo statue or in a Gothic structure is because the æsthetic expression presents itself *en masse* as a familiar object. The subtle placements and displacements of the statue resolve themselves into the familiar object of a human body. The infinite and fantastic ornaments of the Gothic conception resolve themselves into the familiar object of a building. But there is no such thing as great simple art. There exists only an art whose order is simple in its ultimate effect. If the preachers of simplicity could see into the fabrication of that art, could understand its infinite ramifications, they would realize that their creed is a false one. The fact that modern art does not always appear unified is not due to its greater complexity, but to the modern artist's inability completely to visualize his work. The art of the peasants and the Negro sculptors is the only truly simple art. It is the expression of a simple-minded people and cannot, aside from its novelty, interest for long the lovers of profound beauty.

16

TWO-DIMENSIONAL AND THREE-DIMENSIONAL FORM.—The form in the world's greatest art is three-dimensional. It not only moves laterally, but orientates in depth as well. Polyphony is three-dimensioned music, and corresponds to the form in Michelangelo and Rubens. It also has a parallel in that literature in which the document has been given a rhythmic solidity, as in Balzac. Examples: Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*—the *Kermis*—*Illusions Perdues*. Melody is two-dimensional form and corresponds to the decorative type of painting, such as Japanese art and the canvases of Botticelli. Its literary analogy is to be found in the simple objective tale—the novels of Gautier, for instance. Examples: Schubert's *Seventh* (C-major) *Symphony*—Botticelli's *Spring*—*Mademoiselle de Maupin*.

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17

SCIENCE AND TASTE.—Important æsthetic conclusions are always arrived at through instinctive selection by highly sensitive artists. Science cannot produce great art. Taste comes first. Science follows and, through experimentations and deductions, verifies good taste.

18

INVENTION AND IMAGINATION.—Invention determines certain forms, and then forces the artist's material into those forms. It is like a foundry mold into which is poured the melted ore. The result is predetermined and foreseen. Invention is also like a machine constructed for some utilitarian purpose; and its beauty lies only in its adaptability to the desired end. An inventive painter, like Tintoretto, draws several lines and builds his picture on these lines. The large masses follow the lines, but the small masses, which are as important to the unity of the work as are the large ones, have no ultimate destiny. Tintoretto's art gives forth the impression of having been fabricated. It is to great art what an animated automaton is to life. Though perfect as a piece of mechanism, it still lacks vitality. Imagination is creation by evolutionary sequences. From an idea, which is the chemistry of art, forms *grow;* and from out these forms others spring, dependent and interdependent. These latter forms are the direct and logical result of what has come before; and when they are combined with the first set of forms, they give birth to still further developments. The æsthetic value of these *imaginative* forms is dependent upon the accuracy of the artist's sensitivity to that which is inevitable in form or sound or action.

19

VERBAL CLAQUEURS.—Those specious critics who describe a work of art as possessing a " spiritual beauty," a " noble pur-

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pose," a "poetic content," a "mystical passion," an "other-worldliness," a "divine symbolism," a "sublime import," or a "devotional tenderness"—such critics are merely indulging in vague and high-sounding synonyms for their ignorance of the science of æsthetics. They feel,—but they do not understand the means employed by the artist to make them feel. They are not true critics, but illiterates applauding with their mouths.

20

THE MASCULINE AND THE FEMININE IN ART.—All art, like life, falls into either the masculine or feminine category. In order to bring about the greatest art the form and order (which constitutes the masculine side) must predominate. Objective ornament and external beauty (the feminine side) must be only the inspiration to creation. That side of art which is the recording of some emotion the artist has experienced so intensely that it demands concrete expression, is feminine, because it is merely the overflow of receptivity into objectivity. Great art is not dependent on a specific exterior impulse. It grows abstractly out of a collection of assimilated impressions. When the will to order dominates the expression, these impressions take plastic form. The desire to create is feminine; the ability, masculine. All purely decorative and imitative work is feminine. The work in which there is the subjective emotion of order and harmony, in which the effect is the result of a conscious or unconscious philosophic cause, is masculine. Tiepolo, Chopin and D'Annunzio stand for the feminine; Rembrandt, Brahms and Goethe, for the masculine.

21

LIFE AND ART.—There can be no great ascetic artist. The richness, variety and contrast which are necessary to the nature of the artist who achieves great organizations of form, must have resulted through much contact with the many phases of life. Even the life of the mind is wholly dependent on objec-

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tive nature for both its most obvious and its most remote ideas. There is, of course, a quality of mind which is inherently rich; but the material thought must needs be gleaned from life. All other things being equal, the artist who has had the more febrile life of body and brain will create the greater art. By life is not meant merely physical adventures—the superficial experiences of indulgence. The life indispensable to the artist is that which calls upon him for the exercise of his powers, which teaches him the necessity of intellectual combat, and which therefore develops his consciousness and teaches him the laws of poise, balance and plasticity.

22

SPONTANEITY.—Spontaneity, the word, as applied to a piece of art, means only that the finished work has a fresh and enthusiastic appearance, as if it had been accomplished with ease. Spontaneity, the fact, means that, no matter how long or how painful has been the evolution of the created work, each element and part has been done with a sustained interest. The whole may have been changed a score of times in order to achieve the vision. Once finished, however, the vision lives and is ever young. The youth of it makes it appear as having been an easy achievement.

23

ART APPRECIATION SUBJECT TO EVOLUTION.—Complete and profound appreciation of art does not appear suddenly in an individual. In the beginning there are only a sensitivity and an intelligence which form the nucleus of appreciation. This nucleus is susceptible of development, but the person possessing it cannot, at first view, comprehend the great and complex art works of the masters. Such a person must begin his education with works easy of understanding. Many, who might eventually be able to see into the depths of æsthetic expression, become biased against the higher forms of art because of their inability to sound them without preliminary preparation. It is these

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people who declare primitive and simple decorative art (folk music and mosaics) to be the greatest. The true art lover, however, does not halt at this stage. He begins his appreciation before the simpler creative expressions; and there takes place within him a gradual and salutary evolution of comprehension. When he receives pleasure from a simple art work, he at once analyzes its motivating power. In time the result of his analysis becomes assimilated; and later, when he comes before a slightly more complex work, he stands in the same relation to it as he did to the first, only now he is strengthened by his past mental processes. Thus he proceeds to the third work which is less simple than the first two; and so on, to the limit of his capabilities. There does not exist a great artist who, at the *début* of his career, could have understood his later creations.

24

INSPIRATION.—Inspiration is the moment of realization. For instance, we know a fact about art; we speak of it; we recognize it in pictures. Yet that fact remains something apart from us, something which has not been incorporated in our being, something superimposed upon our consciousness. Then, without warning (we may be thinking perhaps of other things), suddenly a certain thought will come to our minds, and, with it, a great realization of the fact. The knowledge will blind us mentally for a moment with its colossal reality, with the impressiveness of its truth. In that moment we have ceased merely to know the fact: we have come to experience it. It has become a part of our being. At that moment we are inspired. At that moment we may cry, "Eureka!"

25

CRITICISM.—Criticism is not the finding of analogies, but the explaining of differences. It is the analyzing of art works in their relation to other art works; and its purpose is to so clarify and explain the processes of one artist—his errors as

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well as his merits—that another artist, reading the criticism, will immediately be led to try the other's methods, assimilating what is relative to him, discarding that which is not. The basis of a critic's judgment should be a knowledge of the functioning of his own brain and body—which is the same as saying a knowledge of the broad principles on which all nature—and therefore art—is built. The critic should also possess the philosopher's power of penetration, and in addition should understand the basic laws of æsthetics. Furthermore, he should be superior to his own tastes and prejudices, capable of overriding his personal predilections.

26

THE ALL-IN-ALL OF ART.—Every enduring quality in great art—the art of Beethoven, Brahms, Bach, Mozart, Michelangelo, Rubens, El Greco, Giorgione, Titian, Balzac, Flaubert, Goethe—can be explained by the laws of form and organization. One artist is greater than another solely because his form is more perfect. There is no mysticism in art: there is mysticism only in the mind of the ignorant beholder, auditor, or reader.

27

EVOLUTION IN THE INDIVIDUAL.—The entire past progress of an art is condensed and expressed in each of its great exponents.

28

WHY AND HOW ART IS CREATED.—What would be the purpose of any art if it did not give us a quality of emotion different from what we receive from life? Yet, we are eternally hearing praises of this or that artist's approximation to nature! The realistic novel! The novel that gives us an accurate record of material existence! Ah, that mass of reportorial detail! And the painter whose texture is life-like! Is it, then, more like the

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original than the original! The painter of sunsets—"Oh, I have seen just such a sunset as the one in that picture!" Writing—the 300-page phonograph! Painting—the competitor of color-photography! But what of music? Let us thank God that the art of music has frightened off the "realists" by its technicalities. As yet it has not fallen a victim to those critics who would turn art into a superficial record of life. But art will weather the onslaught. The "recorders of nature" will pass away. The great works of literature, painting and music will remain, for art is a far profounder thing than realism and texture. It is the outcome of the imagination of him who has understood and experienced life. His mind is a minute filing cabinet where the *relativity* between experienced items reigns supreme. So perfectly ordered is the artist's conception of life, so well is it understood, that in his dealing with actions, thoughts, sounds, colors, rhythms and lines, his expression follows the natural laws by which his own life and consciousness have been created. And so accurately does he know the *composite* value of his art's elements, that a thought, note or color is never called upon to play a part incommensurate with its capability. Out of his mass of data he evolves, by combinations ever new, a microcosmos in which events are the results of environment and the effects of profound causes, as in our own world. Thus does he combine familiar things in new ways to accord with the principles of æsthetics. He takes the *essence* of his special world of sound, color or document, and creates a new world of them. Here is art's method. Here, also, is its *raison d'être*.

29

DECADENCE.—When a work of art appears to have been shunted from the conventional, familiar track because of some seeming aberration in the artist's mind, which has given him a distorted vision, then it is that we hear the accusation of decadence. But very often the unfamiliar aspect of an art work is indicative of the reverse of decadence. Decadence is the inability to create new life; but the word, as it is commonly

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applied to art, is so distorted that it has no exact meaning. When used as a descriptive adjective for literature it generally connotes " erotic." A composer is " decadent " when he attempts harmonic sequences not approved by the text books. In painting, " decadent " indicates obscurity of intention or novel and incomprehensible effects. Thus Swinburne, Debussy and Matisse are " decadent," if we accept the dictum of the critics. The word has been hurled at all innovators; but, in the great majority of cases, it attests to its user's inability to understand the art he is thus stigmatizing. No experimenter in new fields is decadent. The true decadents are the accepted and respected academicians who unsuccessfully imitate the work that has preceded them. They create nothing new: they stand for retrogression.

30

THEOPNEUSTY.—The day of the belief in the " divine " inspiration (the impulsive performance) of the poet, the musician and the painter is happily passing. The marginal re-writings of Balzac, the infinite pains of Michelangelo, the workers in Rubens's school of masterpieces, the note-books of Beethoven, the years taken by Cézanne to finish a work, the months of patient study and the constant alterations on the pictures of Matisse—all belie the sentimental assumption that a divine hand guides the pen and brush to glory. The birth of a work of art is the result of a long, patient and painful evolution. It is the transmutation of thought (in conjunction with emotion) into a precise and concrete form.

31

OPERA.—That music played at an opera which makes one forget the opera is good music. There is no such thing as good opera music. As soon as the composer begins to illustrate an action or an event he is treading on very superficial ground. He can create great music even while imitating words, actions, and the like; but the moment his music penetrates the listener's

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consciousness *as* imitation, it ceases to be anything but opera music, and hence bad music. At that moment the documentary has dominated the æsthetic—which implies that the æsthetic was too weak and ineffectual to hold us. One cannot react æsthetically to art and enjoy nature simultaneously. The artist who, in drawing an arm, makes of his drawing a magnificent bit of form, irrespective of its being an arm, is the great creative artist, for he has taken one thing, added to it his imagination, and created a second. But that artist who merely draws an arm accurately to look like a beautiful arm is an imitator and not a creator. In viewing both these drawings together we may admire the *arm* of the second and the *form* of the first; but it is mentally impossible to regard the first work both as a functioning arm and as a great piece of created form at the same time. So with music. It is either a pure æsthetic achievement; or it is a story or a mood or an event temporarily disguised in the integuments of music. Great music lives within and for itself—an organization of abstract forms.

32

THE IMPRÉVU IN ART.—Many mistake the "unforeseen" in art for greatness. But this *imprévu* is a result of the greatness in the great—not a goal toward which they work. The quality in itself is a nugatory one, and, as a rule, is the label of those artists who wish primarily to attract attention. These *arrivistes* take many roads to notoriety. They count almost wholly upon a bizarre of effect (spurious radicalism) to create a vogue. The true radicals of the day, however, have for every step a reason which is deep-rooted in the experiences of æsthetic emotion. Their desire is to construct a permanent art—to unearth the laws which govern our enjoyment of beauty. The false radicals desire only to dazzle us for the moment. It is such men who cry out against any precise analysis of art. When a critic approaches the shrine of their hypocrisy, they cry "Systematizer" and "Theorist." The genuine artist invites analysis. There are hardy roots at the base of his *imprévu*.

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33

STYLE IN LITERATURE.—The highest type of literary style implies the perfect ease with which a writer uses words. His method of articulation should vary with every thought or fact expressed, in accordance with the needs of documentary form. Perfect mobility and plasticity—the ability to change the manner of presentation at will—should be the desire of every writer. The painter changes his brushing to accord with the size of his canvas or the detail he is transcribing. (Compare Rubens's *Landscape with Château de Stein* and his *Ajax and Cassandra.*) The musical composer alters his technique to fit the type of his composition. (Compare the second movement of Beethoven's *Eighth Symphony* with the fourth movement of his *Fifth Symphony.*) But the writer strives to develop a certain technical manner, and he uses it, without variation, throughout his work. This technical manner is called his "style," whereas it is only a rigid and dogmatic repudiation of style. What is commonly termed "style" in literature is little more than an idiosyncrasy of expression—a mannerism. True style—one which attests to mastery—is an ability to change one's manner at random so as to harmonize the expression with the thing expressed. A great stylist can write suavely, simply and delicately, as well as robustly, complexly and brutally. Shakespeare is a stylist. Pater is the negation of style.

34

THE LITERAL AND THE PHILOSOPHIC MIND.—The greatest hindrance to progress in art is the lack of the broadly philosophic mind in its ranks. Such a mind would overlook the colossal mass of surface detail and go immediately to causes. The presence of causes is ever manifest; but in the world of thought, just as in the physical world, the larger, more important and more obviously placed the object, the greater difficulty we very often experience in putting our finger on it. If we may call the underlying causes of existence facts, then the most difficult thing in life to grasp is facts. We deem them hidden when, in truth, they are all about us.

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THREE POEMS

HORACE HOLLEY

ORCHARD

I STOOD within an orchard during rain
Uncovering to the drops my aching brow:
O joyous fancy, to imagine now
I slip, with trees and clouds, the social chain,
Alone with nature, naught to lose or gain
Nor even to become; no, just to be
A moment's personal essence, wholly free
From needs that mold the heart to forms of pain.
Arise, I cried, and celebrate the hour!
Acclaim serener gladness; if it fail,
New courage, nobler vision, will survive
That I have known my kinship to the flower,
My brotherhood with rain, and in this vale
Have been a moment's friend to all alive.

LIFE

TO THRUST back the hard, sleek water
With toil of body,
Spitting the bitter brine from the mouth;
Eyes just raised over
The restless surface;
To sleep, captive of subtle tide and burly billow,
Unable ever to stand upright in the stature of God—
The toil, the mystery, the sorrow!
At last sucked in by the hard, sleek, brooding water!

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INVOCATION

O GOD who shatterest every heart at last
And every mind and body, unaghast
Molding from spended hearts a purer heart,
From weary minds a hopefuller mind, to start
Renewed desire upon the way of love;
O God, take all, as thou hast taken of
My all so often, yet before I turn
Silent as earth and water, grant I burn
One beacon in this cloudy world of strife!
With all my life I reach to more than life—
Yea, ere I mingle with anonymous earth
Give me to spell this passion's passionate worth
Upon some visible, lasting monument!
Let not my rapture with my blood be spent,
But seizing light and movement, ever stay
A star against the dawn of perfect day.

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HERBERT SPENCER'S "SPECIALIZED ADMINISTRATION"

WITH COMMENTS BY CHARLES W. ELIOT

[*At the suggestion of Mr. Truxtun Beale,* THE FORUM *has been reprinting a series of Herbert Spencer's essays dealing with the question of excessive governmental activity. It was Mr. Beale's theory that these essays, written more than a generation ago, possessed a quality and power of social vision that makes them of exceptional interest in the United States today, especially in that many of the complexities of social and industrial evolution which Spencer foresaw have come to pass and are problems we are today trying hopefully to solve. Mr. Beale presented his idea to a number of eminent Americans and reawakened interest in these essays, with the result that some of the greatest leaders of thought in this country agreed to contribute comments, in the light of our present-day problems, on the Spencer essays. The series was inaugurated with Mr. Beale's article on "The State v. The Man in America," and since then* THE FORUM *has published seven of Spencer's essays with introductions by Elihu Root, Henry Cabot Lodge, Nicholas Murray Butler, David Jayne Hill, Judge Elbert H. Gary, and others.*—EDITOR.]

IN December, 1871, Herbert Spencer published in the *Fortnightly Review* a remarkable article which he entitled "Specialized Administration," an article which seems to have been written under strong impressions received from the Franco-Prussian war, although he does not allude to that war. It opens with a long preliminary statement to the effect that the workings out of sociological processes can never be anticipated by even the boldest use of the scientific imagination; and that their results are not achieved through previous planning and the common pursuit of public ends, but by the unintended coöperation of men who are severally pursuing their private ends.

Spencer next describes at great length the primary differentiation in organic structures into the parts which hold direct con-

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verse with the environment and the parts which do not; or, in other words, between the organs of external relation and the organs of nutrition and internal function. He declares that as fast as these two systems of organs develop, a form of control or coördination develops in each, and that a general distinction arises between the two controlling systems belonging to the two systems of organs. The control of the outer organs requires a complex centralized nervous apparatus to which all these organs are completely obedient. The control needed for the inner system of organs is a different and much simpler one. Between these two nervous systems there must be both a general and a special coöperation. "The general coöperation is that by which either system of organs is enabled to stimulate the other to action" . . . "The special coöperation is one by which it would seem that each system puts an indirect restraint on the other." The different kinds of animals differ very much in regard to the relative development of these two controls that carry on respectively the outer functions and the inner.

From the animal organism, Spencer turns to the social organism, and finds in it striking analogies of structure and function with the conditions he has just described in the body of an animal. But these analogies are only between the systems or methods of organization. He is at pains to point out that in an individual organism there is but one central consciousness capable of pleasure or pain; whereas in the social organism there are as many centres as individuals.

After these preliminaries, Spencer at last arrives at his fundamental proposition—"A society, like an individual, has a set of structures fitting it to act upon its environment—appliances for attack and defence, armies, navies, fortified and garrisoned places. At the same time, a society has an industrial organization which carries on those processes that make possible the national life." Between these two sets of organs—the one for external and the other for internal activities—there is at once a coöperation and an antagonism. Thus, agriculture and manufacturing, which are secondary coöperations, in part aid one another, and yet are in part opposed to one another. As in the individual organism, so in the social organism, the outer parts

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must be under a rigorous central control; for the external organs, offensive and defensive, must be capable of prompt combination and effective action. The regulative apparatus required for the industrial system may be, and should be in great measure, distinct from that which regulates the external organs. Manufacturing, trade, and commerce go on best without any governmental overseeing; without any dictation from those executive centres which are needed to combine and harmonize the actions of the outer organs. Nevertheless, there is one essential influence which the executive centres must exercise over the industrial control—a restraining influence which prevents disorder and direct or indirect aggression. This restraining influence is the sanctity of contracts, enforced by the rigorous central control provided primarily for the structures which fit a society to act upon its environment.

A society which is mainly a coöperative structure for carrying on warfare will retain the predatory type of a wandering horde of savages, with such industrial structures in addition as are needful for supporting the offensive and defensive structures. Spencer's example of this sort of social organism is Sparta; but the following sentence applies with extraordinary accuracy to the Germany of today: "The characteristics of such a social type are these—that each member of the ruling race is a soldier; that war is the business of life; that everyone is subject to a rigorous discipline fitting him for this business; that centralized authority regulates all the social activities down to the details of each man's daily conduct; that the welfare of the State is everything, and that the individual lives for the public benefit." The traits of the industrial type of organization are that the central authority is relatively feeble, interfering but slightly with the private actions of individuals, and that the State exists for the benefit of its citizens.

In Spencer's view, a representative governing body like the British Parliament, or the American Congress, should hold the balance true between the conflicting interests of different classes in the community as well as between man and man, and by the laws that it enacts should present aggression of class upon class, or of any class upon the whole, and provide for the administra-

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tion of justice between class and class, and between man and man. A deliberative assembly is not at all fit for the despotic command of the offensive and defensive structures; but is fit to regulate or restrain the system of organs which conducts the productive, industrial, and commercial functions of a highly organized society. As in the individual organism, while the system of organs which deal with the environment must be subordinated to a governing centre which positively regulates it, the system of internal organs, by the action of which production and exchange go on and the national life is maintained, requires no such positive and continuous regulation. Thus, the far-reaching and complicated apparatus by which foods are first produced and then distributed over a great territory is best created by natural growth, and not by any determination of the State. This apparatus has been in most industrial nations created by private enterprise. Government has still some part to perform; for it must be the central power which punishes breach of contract and cheating. Spencer points out that "banks were not inventions of rulers or their counsellors. They grew up by small stages out of the transactions of traders with one another." This development by gradual growth and the coöperation of individuals seeking their own private interests, governments have over and over again obstructed in two ways,—first by neglecting their own duty to insist on fulfilment of contract, and to punish breach of contract, and, secondly, by undertaking to regulate the food industry, manufacturing industries, and the banking business. Although Spencer dwells here chiefly on the trade in food and the trade in money (banking) he expressly states that the other trades have been similarly evolved, and have been similarly deranged by State meddling.

In this characteristic article, written forty-five years ago, Spencer maintains without reserve that the spontaneous coöperation of men in pursuit of personal benefits will adequately work out the general good, if the State discharge its plain duties of enforcing the sanctity of contracts and preventing cheating, and of securing to each citizen the enjoyment of what he obtains by labor, without trenching on his neighbor's like ability to enjoy. In support of this doctrine, he points out that the great business

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of engineering was developed in France by the government, which conducted two great schools of engineering; while in England there had been—down to 1870—no institution for preparing civil engineers. Nevertheless, in comparison with the development in England of engineering and of all those industries which depend on engineering, the development in France was tardy and slow. In Germany, which was already—when Spencer wrote—held up as a model nation in respect to the care of public order and public health, he observes that public water-supplies were not attained till three hundred years after they were first attained in England, and that when at last—in the middle of the nineteenth century—Berlin obtained an adequate water-supply, it was an English company and English contractors that did the work. He admits that ancient nations built some great aqueducts and roads by government action; but these achievements antedated that development of industrial structures which creates simultaneously an independent coördinating agency. In other words, he maintains that feeding and manufacturing organizations must have attained considerable development before the efficiency of spontaneous coöperations for all purposes of internal social life can come to exceed the efficiency of the central governing agency. He maintains also that the Press with its indispensable activities and its great services to free peoples, is not a government invention, or even a government suggestion. Indeed the State has often attempted to put down the Press, and has all along impeded its progress. The mutual dependence of all parts of modern social organisms being assumed as a fundamental fact, it follows that there inevitably grow up arrangements by which each individual secures his own ends by ministering to the ends of others. This is the reason for Spencer's belief that "even were there no other form of spontaneous coöperation among men than that dictated by self-interest, it might be rationally held that this, under the negatively-regulative control of a central power, would work out in proper order the appliances for satisfying all needs and carrying on healthfully all the essential social functions." It is to be observed that Spencer insists that a central power, namely the government, must exert faithfully a regulative control. It is one of his oft-repeated com-

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plaints against representative government that it often fails to exert its proper regulative power.

Public events since 1871, and particularly the events in Europe and the Near East since July, 1914, have in many respects provided striking confirmations of the views which Spencer advocated in this memorable article. His contention that free governments often fail to perform their necessary regulative functions has been strikingly illustrated in the failure of Great Britain and the United States to regulate effectively, first combinations of capital, and then combinations of labor. Even under the stress of a great war, the British government has been both unable and unwilling to control the trades-unions, or even to compel them to observe, like other people, the sanctity of contracts and of other formal agreements. The war has also raised the question whether a nation which has developed its industries under an intelligent despotism is to prove itself more efficient or less efficient than nations which have developed similar industries under the operation of what Spencer calls "spontaneous coöperation dictated by self-interest." As the war goes on, it is becoming more and more apparent that the industries and transportation systems of Great Britain and France, including the arts of public finance and private banking, are more efficient than those of Germany and Austria-Hungary. During war, however, it is evident that the central government in a free nation must take control of many industries as well as of the public forces.

Spencer does not rely wholly on the selfish or self-regarding feelings of men in order to procure effective spontaneous coöperation. He believes that, as society develops, many altruistic interests and their coöperations come to be added to the egotistic interests and the coöperations produced by them, and that the deficiencies of one set are made up in good measure by the other set,—fellow-feeling supplementing the self-regarding feelings. He cites, as instances of the good results of men's sympathetic interests, insurance companies, friendly societies, the voluntary organizations by which religious ministrations are carried on, hospitals, dispensaries, and all the voluntary charitable agencies, educational endowments, and scientific and literary societies. The following sentence contains his argument on behalf of polit-

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ical and social freedom against autocratic government by a dominant individual or a dominant class, "Scarcely any scientific generalization has, I think, a broader inductive basis than we have for the belief that these egoistic and altruistic feelings are powers which, taken together, amply suffice to originate and carry on all the activities which constitute healthy national life; the only prerequisite being, that they shall be under the negatively-regulative control of a central power—that the entire aggregate of individuals, acting through the legislative and the executive as its agents, shall put upon each individual, and each group of individuals, the restraints needful to prevent aggression, direct and indirect."

One of Spencer's reasons for urging the exclusion of State action from those spheres of social activity where the spontaneous coöperations of men who are seeking both their selfish and their sympathetic ends, are more effective, is that he wishes the State to be much more efficient than it has been within its proper sphere; and this increased efficiency seems to him to imply more specialization. He says: "It is a law illustrated by organizations of every kind, that, in proportion as there is to be efficiency, there must be specialization, both of structure and function—specialization which, of necessity, implies accompanying limitation." Hence the title he gave to this prophetic article of 1871, "Specialized Administration,"—a title which is not explained to the reader until he has almost reached the end of the essay.

A postscript indicates:—first, that Spencer does not believe in the superiority of public over private administration in any field except that of war and preparation for war. Assuming that the post-office is the best case of public administration, he says that the developments which have made the post-office efficient have been thrust upon government from without, and that the improvements ordinarily come from private sources; also that a large part of the post-office work is actually done by private agencies, such as railroad and steamship companies.

Spencer's philosophic argument of 1871 touches several practical questions now in active debate:—Is the present tendency to paternalism wise? Is government ownership desirable?

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Is German efficiency worth its cost in German regimentation? Can durable reforms be brought about merely by making new laws? Will the free nations, or the nations which have had no experience of political and social liberty prove to be the most efficient, vigorous, and fertile in the long run? Spencer would answer all these questions with a clear preference for the side of freedom. He would say—in all things except war and the maintenance of public forces men should be left free to effect their own spontaneous combinations for common ends, or, in other words, to coöperate in liberty under law.

SPECIALIZED ADMINISTRATION

It is contrary to common-sense that fish should be more difficult to get at the sea-side than in London; but it is true, nevertheless. No less contrary to common-sense seems the truth that though, in the West Highlands, oxen are to be seen everywhere, no beef can be had without sending two or three hundred miles to Glasgow for it. Rulers who, guided by common-sense, tried to suppress certain opinions by forbidding the books containing them, never dreamed that their interdicts would cause the diffusion of these opinions; and rulers who, guided by common-sense, forbade excessive rates of interest, never dreamed that they were thereby making the terms harder for borrowers than before. When printing replaced copying, any one who had prophesied that the number of persons engaged in the manufacture of books would immensely increase, as a consequence, would have been thought wholly devoid of common-sense. And equally devoid of common-sense would have been thought any one who, when railways were displacing coaches, said that the number of horses employed in bringing passengers and goods to and from railways, would be greater than the number directly displaced by railways. Such cases might be multiplied. Whoso remembers that, among quite simple phenomena, causes produce effects which are sometimes utterly at variance with anticipation, will see how frequently this must happen among complex phenomena. That a balloon is made to rise by the same force which makes a stone fall; that the melting of ice may be greatly retarded by wrapping the ice in a blanket; that the simplest way of setting potassium on fire is to throw it into the water; are truths which those who know only the outside aspect of things would regard as manifest falsehoods. And, if, when the factors are few and simple, the results may be so absolutely opposed to seeming probability, much more will they be often thus opposed when the factors are many and involved. The saying of the French respecting political events, that "it is always the unexpected which happens"—a saying which they have been abundantly re-illustrating

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of late—is one which legislators, and those who urge on schemes of legislation, should have ever in mind. Let us pause a moment to contemplate a seemingly-impossible set of results which social forces have wrought out.

Up to quite recent days, Language was held to be of supernatural origin. That this elaborate apparatus of symbols, so marvellously adapted for the conveyance of thought from mind to mind, was a miraculous gift, seemed unquestionable. No possible alternative way could be thought of by which there had come into existence these multitudinous assemblages of words of various orders, genera, and species, molded into fitness for articulating with one another, and capable of being united from moment to moment into ever-new combinations, which represent with precision each idea as it arises. The supposition that, in the slow progress of things, Language grew out of the continuous use of signs—at first mainly mimetic, afterward partly mimetic, partly vocal, and at length almost wholly vocal—was an hypothesis never even conceived by men in early stages of civilization; and when the hypothesis was at length conceived, it was thought too monstrous an absurdity to be even entertained. Yet this monstrous absurdity proves to be true. Already the evolution of Language has been traced back far enough to show that all its particular words, and all its leading traits of structure, have had a natural genesis; and day by day investigation makes it more manifest that its genesis has been natural from the beginning. Not only has it been natural from the beginning, but it has been spontaneous. No language is a cunningly-devised scheme of a ruler or body of legislators. There was no council of savages to invent the parts of speech, and decide on what principles they should be used. Nay, more. Going on without any authority or appointed regulation, this natural process went on without any man observing that it was going on. Solely under pressure of the need for communicating their ideas and feelings—solely in pursuit of their personal interests—men little by little developed speech in absolute unconsciousness that they were doing anything more than pursuing their personal interests. Even now the unconsciousness continues. Take the whole population of the globe, and there is probably not above one in a million who knows that in his daily talk he is carrying on the process by which Language has been evolved.

I commence thus by way of giving the key-note to the argument which follows. My general purpose, in dwelling a moment on this illustration, has been that of showing how utterly beyond the conceptions of common-sense, literally so called, and even beyond the conceptions of cultivated common-sense, are the workings-out of sociological processes—how these workings-out are such that even those who have carried to the uttermost "the scientific use of the imagination," would never have anticipated them. And my more special purpose has been that of showing how marvellous are the results indirectly and unintentionally achieved by the

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coöperation of men who are severally pursuing their private ends. Let me pass now to the particular topic to be here dealt with.

I have greatly regretted to see Prof. Huxley strengthening, by his deservedly high authority, a school of politicians which can scarcely be held to need strengthening: its opponents being so few. I regret it the more because, thus far, men prepared for the study of Sociology by previous studies of Biology and Psychology, have scarcely expressed any opinions on the question at issue; and that Prof. Huxley, who by both general and special culture is so eminently fitted to judge, should have come to the conclusions set forth in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review,* will be discouraging to the small number who have reached opposite conclusions. Greatly regretting however, though I do, this avowed antagonism of Prof. Huxley to a general political doctrine with which I am identified, I do not propose to make any reply to his arguments at large: being deterred partly by reluctance to dwell on points of difference with one whom I so greatly admire, and partly by the consciousness that what I should say would be mainly a repetition of what I have explicitly or implicitly said elsewhere. But with one point raised I feel obliged to deal. Prof. Huxley tacitly puts to me a question. By so doing he leaves me to choose between two alternatives, neither of which is agreeable to me. I must either, by leaving it unanswered, accept the implication that it is unanswerable, and the doctrine I hold untenable; or else I must give it an adequate answer. Little as I like it, I see that the latter of these alternatives is that which, on public as well as on personal grounds, I must accept.

Had I been allowed to elaborate more fully the *Review* article from which Prof. Huxley quotes, this question would possibly not have been raised. That article closes with the following words:—"We had hoped to say something respecting the different types of social organization, and something also on social metamorphoses; but we have reached our assigned limits." These further developments of the conception—developments to be hereafter set forth in the *Principles of Sociology*—I must here sketch in outline before my answer can be made intelligible. In sketching them, I must say much that would be needless were my answer addressed to Prof. Huxley only. Bare allusions to general phenomena of organization, with which he is immeasurably more familiar than I am, would suffice. But, as the sufficiency of my answer has to be judged by the general reader, the general reader must be supplied with the requisite data: my presentation of them being under correction from Prof. Huxley if it is inaccurate.

The primary differentiation in organic structures, manifested alike in the history of each organism and in the history of the organic world as a whole, is the differentiation between outer and inner parts—the parts which

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hold direct converse with the environment and the parts which do not hold direct converse with the environment. We see this alike in those smallest and lowest forms improperly, though suggestively, sometimes called unicellular, and also in the next higher division of creatures which, with considerable reason, are regarded as aggregations of the lower. In these creatures the body is divisible into endoderm and ectoderm, differing very little in their characters, but serving the one to form the digestive sac, and the other to form the outer wall of the body. As Prof. Huxley describes them in his *Oceanic Hydrozoa,* these layers represent respectively the organs of nutrition and the organs of external relation—generally, though not universally; for there are exceptions, especially among parasites. In the embryos of higher types, these two layers severally become double by the splitting of a layer formed between them; and from the outer double layer is developed the body-wall with its limbs, nervous system, senses, muscles, etc.; while from the inner double layer there arise the alimentary canal and its appendages, together with the heart and lungs. Though in such higher types these two systems of organs, which respectively absorb nutriment and expend nutriment, become so far connected by ramifying blood-vessels and nerves that this division cannot be sharply made, still the broad contrast remains. At the very outset, then, there arises this separation, which implies at once a coöperation and an antagonism—a coöperation, because, while the outer organs secure for the inner organs the crude food, the inner organs elaborate and supply to the outer organs the prepared materials by which they are enabled to do their work; and an antagonism, because each set of organs, living and growing at the cost of these prepared materials, cannot appropriate any portion of the total supply without diminishing by so much the supply available for the other. This general coöperation and general antagonism becomes complicated with special co-operations and special antagonisms, as fast as these two great systems of organs develop. The originally simple alimentary canal, differentiating into many parts, becomes a congeries of structures which, by coöperation, fulfil better their general function, but between which there nevertheless arise antagonisms; since each has to make good its waste and to get matter for growth, at the cost of the general supply of nutriment available for them all. Similarly, as fast as the outer system develops into special senses and limbs, there arise among these, also, secondary coöperations and secondary antagonisms. By their variously-combined actions, food is obtained more effectually; and yet the activity of each set of muscles, or each directive nervous structure, entails a draft upon the stock of prepared nutriment which the outer organs receive, and is by so much at the cost of the rest. Thus the method of organization, both in general and in detail, is a simultaneous combination and opposition. All the organs unite in subserving the interests of the organism they form; and yet they have all their special interests, and compete with one another for blood.

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A form of government, or control, or coördination, develops as fast as these systems of organs develop. Eventually this becomes double. A general distinction arises between the two controlling systems belonging to the two great systems of organs. Whether the inner controlling system is or is not originally derived from the outer, matters not to the argument —when developed it is in great measure independent.* If we contemplate their respective sets of functions, we shall perceive the origin of this distinction. That the outer organs may coöperate effectively for the purposes of catching prey, escaping danger, etc., it is needful that they should be under a government capable of directing their combined actions, now in this way and now in that, according as outer circumstances vary. From instant to instant there must be quick adjustments to occasions that are more or less new; and hence there requires a complex and centralized nervous apparatus, to which all these organs are promptly and completely obedient. The government needful for the inner system of organs is a different and much simpler one. When the food obtained by the outer organs has been put into the stomach, the coöperation required of the viscera, though it varies somewhat as the quantity or kind of food varies, has nevertheless a general uniformity; and it is required to go on in much the same way whatever the outer circumstances may be. In each case the food has to be reduced to a pulp, supplied with various solvent secretions, propelled onward, and its nutritive part taken up by absorbent surfaces. That these processes may be effective, the organs which carry them on must be supplied with fit blood; and to this end the heart and the lungs have to act with greater vigor. This visceral coöperation, carried on with this comparative uniformity, is regulated by a nervous system which is to a large extent independent of that higher and more complex nervous system controlling the external organs. The act of swallowing is, indeed, mainly effected by the higher nervous system; but, being swallowed, the food affects by its presence the local nerves, through them the local ganglia, and indirectly, through nervous connexions with other ganglia, excites the rest of the viscera into coöperative activity. It is true that the functions of the sympathetic or ganglionic nervous system, or "nervous system of organic life," as it is

* Here, and throughout the discussion, I refer to these controlling systems only as they exist in the *Vertebrata,* because their relations are far better known in this great division of the animal kingdom—not because like relations do not exist elsewhere. Indeed, in the great sub-kingdom *Annulosa,* these controlling systems have relations that are extremely significant to us here. For while an inferior annulos animal has only a single set of nervous structures, a superior annulos animal (as a moth) has a set of nervous structures presiding over the viscera, as well as a more conspicuous set presiding over the organs of external relation. And this contrast is analogous to one of the contrasts between undeveloped and developed societies; for, while among the uncivilized and incipiently civilized there is but a single set of directive agencies, there are among the fully civilized, as we shall presently see, two sets of directive agencies, for the outer and inner structures respectively.

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otherwise called, are imperfectly understood. But, since we know positively that some of its plexuses, as the cardiac, are centres of local stimulation and coördination, which can act independently, though they are influenced by higher centres, it is fairly to be inferred that the other and still larger plexuses, distributed among the viscera, are also such local and largely independent centres; especially as the nerves they send into the viscera, to join the many subordinate ganglia distributed through them, greatly exceed in quantity the cerebro-spinal fibres accompanying them. Indeed, to suppose otherwise is to leave unanswered the question—What are their functions? as well as the question—How are these unconscious visceral coördinations effected? There remains only to observe the kind of coöperation which exists between the two nervous systems. This is both a general and a special coöperation. The general coöperation is that by which either system of organs is enabled to stimulate the other to action. The alimentary canal yields through certain nervous connexions the sensation of hunger to the higher nervous system; and so prompts efforts for procuring food. Conversely, the activity of the nervo-muscular system, or, at least, its normal activity, sends inward to the cardiac and other plexuses a gush of stimulus which excites the viscera to action. The special coöperation is one by which it would seem that each system puts an indirect restraint on the other. Fibres from the sympathetic accompany every artery throughout the organs of external relation, and exercise on the artery a constrictive action; and the converse is done by certain of the cerebro-spinal fibres which ramify with the sympathetic throughout the viscera: through the vagus and other nerves, an inhibitory influence is exercised on the heart, intestines, pancreas, etc. Leaving doubtful details, however, the fact which concerns us here is sufficiently manifest. There are, for these two systems of organs, two nervous systems, in great measure independent; and, if it is true that the higher system influences the lower, it is no less true that the lower very powerfully influences the higher. The restrictive action of the sympathetic upon the circulation, throughout the nervo-muscular system, is unquestionable; and it is possibly through this that, when the viscera have much work to do, the nervo-muscular system is incapacitated in so marked a manner.*

* To meet the probable objection that the experiments of Bernard, Ludwig, and others, show that in the case of certain glands the nerves of the cerebro-spinal system are those which set up the secreting process, I would remark that in these cases, and in many others where the relative functions of the cerebro-spinal nerves and the sympathetic nerves have been studied, the organs have been those in which *sensation* is either the stimulus to activity or its accompaniment; and that from these cases no conclusion can be drawn applying to the cases of those viscera which normally perform their functions without sensation. Perhaps it may even be that the functions of those sympathetic fibres which accompany the arteries of the outer organs are simply ancillary to those of the central parts of the sympathetic system, which stimulate and regulate the viscera—ancillary in this sense, that they check the diffusion of blood in external organs when it is wanted

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The one further fact here concerning us is the contrast presented in different kinds of animals, between the degrees of development of these two great sets of structures that carry on respectively the outer functions and the inner functions. There are active creatures in which the locomotive organs, the organs of sense, together with the nervous apparatus which combines their actions, bear a large ratio to the organs of alimentation and their appendages; while there are inactive creatures in which these organs of external relation bear a very small ratio to the organs of alimentation. And a remarkable fact, here especially instructive to us, is that very frequently there occurs a metamorphosis, which has for its leading trait a great change in the ratio of these two systems—a metamorphosis which accompanies a great change in the mode of life. The most familiar metamorphosis is variously illustrated among insects. During the early or larval stage of a butterfly, the organs of alimentation are largely developed, while the organs of external relation are but little developed; and then, during a period of quiescence, the organs of external relation undergo an immense development, making possible the creature's active and varied adjustments to the surrounding world, while the alimentary system becomes relatively small. On the other hand, among the lower invertebrate animals there is a very common metamorphosis of an opposite kind. When young, the creature, with scarcely any alimentary system, but supplied with limbs and sense organs, swims about actively. Presently it settles in a *habitat* where food is to be obtained without moving about, loses in great part its organs of external relation, develops its visceral system, and, as it grows, assumes a nature utterly unlike that which it originally had—a nature adapted almost exclusively to alimentation and the propagation of the species.

Let us turn now to the social organism, and the analogies of structure and function which may be traced in it. Of course these analogies between the phenomena presented in a physically coherent aggregate forming an individual, and the phenomena presented in a physically incoherent aggregate of individuals distributed over a wide area, cannot be analogies of a visible or sensible kind; but can only be analogies between the systems, or methods, of organization. Such analogies as exist result from the one unquestionable community between the two organizations: *there is in both a mutual dependence of parts*. This is the origin of all organization; and determines what similarities there are between an individual organism and a social organism. Of course the similarities thus determined are accompanied by transcendent differences, determined, as above said, by the unlikenesses of the aggregates. One cardinal difference is that, while in the individual

in internal organs: cerebro-spinal inhibition (except in its action on the heart) working the opposite way. And possibly this is the instrumentality for carrying on that competition for nutriment which, as we saw, arises at the very outset between these two great systems of organs.

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organism there is but one centre of consciousness capable of pleasure or pain, there are, in the social organism, as many such centres as there are individuals, and the aggregate of them has no consciousness of pleasure or pain—a difference which entirely changes the ends to be pursued. Bearing in mind this qualification, let us now glance at the parallelisms indicated.

A society, like an individual, has a set of structures fitting it to act upon its environment—appliances for attack and defence, armies, navies, fortified and garrisoned places. At the same time, a society has an industrial organization which carries on all those processes that make possible the national life. Though these two sets of organs for external activity and internal activity do not bear to one another just the same relation which the outer and inner organs of an animal do (since the industrial structures in a society supply themselves with raw materials, instead of being supplied by the external organs), yet they bear a relation otherwise similar. There is at once a coöperation and an antagonism. By the help of the defensive system the industrial system is enabled to carry on its functions without injury from foreign enemies; and by the help of the industrial system, which supplies it with food and materials, the defensive system is enabled to maintain this security. At the same time the two systems are opposed in so far that they both depend for their existence upon the common stock of produce. Further, in the social organism, as in the individual organism, this primary coöperation and antagonism subdivides into secondary coöperations and antagonisms. If we look at the industrial organization, we see that its agricultural part and its manufacturing part aid one another by the exchange of their products, and are yet otherwise opposed to one another; since each takes of the other's products the most it can get in return for its own products. Similarly throughout the manufacturing system itself. Of the total returns secured by Manchester for its goods, Liverpool obtains as much as possible for the raw material, and Manchester gives as little as possible—the two at the same time coöperating in secreting for the rest of the community the woven fabrics it requires, and in jointly obtaining from the rest of the community the largest payment in other commodities. And thus it is in all kinds of direct and indirect ways throughout the industrial structures. Men prompted by their own needs as well as those of their children, and bodies of such men more or less aggregated, are quick to find every unsatisfied need of their fellow-men, and to satisfy it in return for the satisfaction of their own needs; and the working of this process is inevitably such that the strongest need, ready to pay the most for satisfaction, is that which draws most workers to satisfy it, so that there is thus a perpetual balancing of the needs and of the appliances which subserve them.

This brings us to the regulative structures under which these two systems of coöperating parts work. As in the individual organism, so in the social organism, the outer parts are under a rigorous central control. For

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adjustment to the varying and incalculable changes in the environment, the external organs, offensive and defensive, must be capable of prompt combination; and that their actions may be quickly combined to meet each exigency as it arises, they must be completely subordinated to a supreme executive power: armies and navies must be despotically controlled. Quite otherwise is it with the regulative apparatus required for the industrial system. This, which carries on the nutrition of a society, as the visceral system carries on the nutrition of an individual, has a regulative apparatus in great measure distinct from that which regulates the external organs. It is not by any "order in council" that farmers are determined to grow so much wheat and so much barley, or to divide their land in due proportion between arable and pasture. There requires no telegram from the Home Office to alter the production of woollens in Leeds, so that it may be properly adjusted to the stocks on hand and the forthcoming crop of wool. Staffordshire produces its due quantity of pottery, and Sheffield sends out cutlery with rapidity adjusted to the consumption, without any legislative stimulus or restraint. The spurs and checks to production which manufacturers and manufacturing centres receive, have quite another origin. Partly by direct orders from distributors and partly by the indirect indications furnished by the market reports throughout the kingdom, they are prompted to secrete actively or to diminish their rates of secretion. The regulative apparatus by which these industrial organs are made to coöperate harmoniously, acts somewhat as the sympathetic does in a vertebrate animal. There is a system of communications among the great producing and distributing centres, which excites or retards as the circumstances vary. From hour to hour messages pass between all the chief provincial towns, as well as between each of them and London; from hour to hour prices are adjusted, supplies are ordered hither or thither, and capital is drafted from place to place, according as there is greater or less need for it. All this goes on without any ministerial overseeing—without any dictation from those executive centres which combine the actions of the outer organs. There is, however, one all-essential influence which these higher centres exercise over the industrial activities—a restraining influence which prevents aggression, direct and indirect. The condition under which only these producing and distributing processes can go on healthfully, is that, wherever there is work and waste, there shall be a proportionate supply of materials for repair. And securing this is nothing less than securing fulfilment of contracts. Just in the same way that a bodily organ which performs function, but is not adequately paid in blood, must dwindle, and the organism as a whole eventually suffer; so an industrial centre which has made and sent out its special commodity, but does not get adequately paid in other commodities, must decay. And when we ask what is requisite to prevent this local innutrition and decay, we find the

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requisite to be that agreements shall be carried out; that goods shall be paid for at the stipulated prices; that justice shall be administered.

One further leading parallelism must be described—that between the metamorphoses which occur in the two cases. These metamorphoses are analogous in so far that they are changes in the ratios of the inner and outer systems of organs; and also in so far as they take place under analogous conditions. At the one extreme we have that small and simple type of society which a wandering horde of savages presents. This is a type almost wholly predatory in its organization. It consists of little else than a coöperative structure for carrying on warfare—the industrial part is almost absent, being represented only by the women. When the wandering tribe becomes a settled tribe, an industrial organization begins to show itself—especially where, by conquest, there has been obtained a slave-class that may be forced to labor. The predatory structure, however, still for a long time predominates. Omitting the slaves and the women, the whole body politic consists of parts organized for offence and defence, and is efficient in proportion as the control of them is centralized. Communities of this kind, continuing to subjugate their neighbors, and developing an organization of some complexity, nevertheless retain a mainly-predatory type, with just such industrial structures as are needful for supporting the offensive and defensive structures. Of this Sparta furnished a good example. The characteristics of such a social type are these—that each member of the ruling race is a soldier; that war is the business of life; that every one is subject to a rigorous discipline fitting him for this business; that centralized authority regulates all the social activities, down to the details of each man's daily conduct; that the welfare of the State is everything, and that the individual lives for public benefit. So long as the environing societies are such as necessitate and keep in exercise the militant organization, these traits continue; but when, mainly by conquest and the formation of large aggregates, the militant activity becomes less constant, and war ceases to be the occupation of every free man, the industrial structures begin to predominate. Without tracing the transition, it will suffice to take, as a sample of the pacific or industrial type, the Northern States of America before the late war. Here military organization had almost disappeared; the infrequent local assemblings of militia had turned into occasions for jollity, and everything martial had fallen into contempt. The traits of the pacific or industrial type are these—that the central authority is relatively feeble; that it interferes scarcely at all with the private actions of individuals; and that the State, instead of being that for the benefit of which individuals exist, has become that which exists for the benefit of individuals.

It remains to add that this metamorphosis, which takes place in societies along with a higher civilization, very rapidly retrogrades if the surrounding conditions become unfavorable to it. During the late war in America,

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Mr. Seward's boast—"I touch this bell, and any man in the remotest States is a prisoner of the Government" (a boast which was not an empty one, and which was by many of the Republican party greatly applauded)—shows us how rapidly, along with militant activities, there tends to be resumed the needful type of centralized structure; and how there quickly grow up the corresponding sentiments and ideas. Our own history since 1815 has shown a double change of this kind. During the thirty years' peace, the militant organization dwindled, the military sentiment greatly decreased, the industrial organization rapidly developed, the assertion of the individuality of the citizen became more decided, and many restrictive and despotic regulations were got rid of. Conversely, since the revival of militant activities and structures on the Continent, our own offensive and defensive structures have been re-developing; and the tendency toward increase of that centralized control which accompanies such structures has become marked.

And now, closing this somewhat elaborate introduction, I am prepared to deal with the question put to me. Prof. Huxley, after quoting some passages from that essay on the "Social Organism" which I have supplemented in the foregoing paragraphs; and after expressing a qualified concurrence which I greatly value as coming from so highly fitted a judge, proceeds, with characteristic acumen, to comment on what seems an incongruity between certain analogies set forth in that essay, and the doctrine I hold respecting the duty of the State. Referring to a passage in which I have described the function of the individual brain as "that of *averaging* the interests of life, physical, intellectual, moral, social," and have compared it to the function of Parliament as "that of *averaging* the interests of the various classes in a community," adding that "a good Parliament is one in which the parties answering to these respective interests are so balanced that their united legislation concedes to each class as much as consists with the claims of the rest;" Prof. Huxley proceeds to say:—

> "All this appears to be very just. But if the resemblances between the body physiological and the body politic are any indication, not only of what the latter is, and how it has become what it is, but what it ought to be, and what it is tending to become, I cannot but think that the real force of the analogy is totally opposed to the negative view of State function.
>
> "Suppose that, in accordance with this view, each muscle were to maintain that the nervous system had no right to interfere with its contraction, except to prevent it from hindering the contraction of another muscle; or each gland, that it had a right to secrete, so long as its secretion interfered with no other; suppose every separate cell left free to follow its own "interests," and *laissez-faire* Lord of all, what would become of the body physiological?"

On this question the remark I have first to make is, that if I held the doctrine of M. Proudhon, who deliberately named himself an "anarchist," and if along with this doctrine I held the above-indicated theory of social

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structures and functions, the inconsistency implied by the question put would be clear, and the question would be unanswerable. But since I entertain no such view as that of Proudhon—since I hold that within its proper limits governmental action is not simply legitimate but all-important—I do not see how I am concerned with a question which tacitly supposes that I deny the legitimacy and the importance. Not only do I contend that the restraining power of the State over individuals, and bodies or classes of individuals, is requisite, but I have contended that it should be exercised much more effectually, and carried out much further, than at present.* And as the maintenance of this control implies the maintenance of a controlling apparatus, I do not see that I am placed in any difficulty when I am asked what would happen were the controlling apparatus forbidden to interfere. Further, on this general aspect of the question I have to say that, by comparing the deliberative assembly of a nation to the deliberative nervous centre of a vertebrate animal, as respectively averaging the interests of the society and of the individual, and as both doing this through processes of representation, I do not mean to *identify* the two sets of interests; for these in a society (or at least a peaceful society) refer mainly to interior actions, while in an individual creature they refer mainly to exterior actions. The "interests" to which I refer, as being averaged by a representative governing body, are the conflicting interests between class and class, as well as between man and man—conflicting interests the balancing of which is nothing but the preventing of aggression and the administration of justice.

I pass now from this general aspect of the question, which does not concern me, to a more special aspect which does concern me. Dividing the actions of governing structures, whether in bodies individual or bodies politic, into the *positively regulative* and the *negatively regulative,* or those which stimulate and direct, as distinguished from those which simply restrain, I may say that if there is raised the question—What will happen when the controlling apparatus does not act? there are quite different replies according as one or other system of organs is referred to. If, in the individual body, the muscles were severally independent of the deliberative and executive centres, utter impotence would result: in the absence of muscular coördination, there would be no possibility of standing, much less of acting on surrounding things, and the body would be a prey to the first enemy. Properly to combine the actions of these outer organs, the great nervous centres must exercise functions that are both positively regulative and negatively regulative—must both command action and arrest action. Similarly with the outer organs of a political body. Unless the offensive and defensive structures can be despotically commanded by a central authority, there cannot be those prompt combinations and adjust-

* See *Social Statics* chap. xxi., "The Duty of the State." See also essay on "Over-Legislation."

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ments required for meeting the variable actions of external enemies. But if, instead of asking what would happen supposing the outer organs in either case were without control from the great governing centres, we ask what would happen were the inner organs (the industrial and commercial structures in the one case, and the alimentary and distributive in the other) without such control, the answer is quite different. Omitting the respiratory and some minor ancillary parts of the individual organism, to which the social organism has nothing analogous; and limiting ourselves to absorptive, elaborative, and distributive structures, which are found in both; it may, I think, be successfully contended that in neither the one case nor the other do they require the positively regulative control of the great governing centres, but only the negatively regulative. Let us glance at the facts.*

Digestion and circulation go on very well in lunatics and idiots, though the higher nervous centres are either deranged or partly absent. The vital functions proceed properly during sleep, though less actively than when the brain is at work. In infancy, while the cerebro-spinal system is almost incapable, and cannot even perform such simple actions as those of commanding the sphincters, the visceral functions are active and regular. Nor in an adult does that arrest of cerebral action shown by insensibility, or that extensive paralysis of the spinal system which renders all the limbs immovable, prevent these functions from being carried on for a considerable time; though they necessarily begin to flag in the absence of the demand which an active system of outer organs makes upon them. These internal organs are, indeed, so little under the positively directive control of the great nervous centres, that their independence is often very inconvenient. No mandate sent into the interior stops an attack of diarrhœa; nor, when an indigestible meal excites the circulation at night, and prevents sleep, will the bidding of the brain cause the heart to pulsate more quietly. It is doubtless true that these vital processes are modified in important ways, both by general stimulation and by inhibition, from the cerebro-spinal system; but that they are mainly independent cannot, I think, be questioned. The facts that peristaltic motion of the intestines can go on when their nervous connexions are cut, and that the heart (in cold-blooded vertebrates, at least) continues to pulsate for some time after being detached from the

* Lest there should be any misunderstanding of the terms *positively regulative* and *negatively regulative,* let me briefly illustrate them. If a man has land, and I either cultivate it for him, partially or wholly, or dictate any or all of his modes of cultivation, my action is positively regulative; but if, leaving him absolutely unhelped and unregulated in his farming, I simply prevent him from taking his neighbor's crops, or from making approach-roads over his neighbor's land, or from depositing rubbish upon it, my action is negatively regulative. There is a tolerably sharp distinction between the act of securing a citizen's ends for him or interfering with his mode of securing them, and the act of checking him when he interferes with another citizen in the pursuit of his ends.

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body, make it manifest that the spontaneous activities of these vital organs subserve the wants of the body at large without direction from its higher governing centres. And this is made even more manifest if it be a fact, as alleged by Schmulewitsch experimenting under Ludwig's direction, that, under duly-adjusted conditions, the secretion of bile may be kept up for some time when blood is passed through the excised liver of a newly-killed rabbit. There is an answer, not, I think, unsatisfactory, even to the crucial part of the question—"Suppose every separate cell left free to follow its own interests, and *laissez faire* Lord of all, what would become of the body physiological?" Limiting the application of this question in the way above shown to the organs and parts of organs which carry on vital actions, it seems to me that much evidence may be given for the belief that, when they follow their respective "interests" (limited here to growing and multiplying), the general welfare will be tolerably well secured. It was proved by Hunter's experiments on a kite and a sea-gull, that a part of the alimentary canal which has to triturate harder food than that which the creature naturally eats, acquires a thicker and harder lining. When a stricture of the intestine impedes the passage of its contents, the muscular walls of the intestine above thicken and propel the contents with greater force. When there is somewhere in the course of the circulation a serious resistance to the passage of blood, there habitually occurs hypertrophy of the heart, or thickening of its muscular walls; giving it greater power to propel the blood. And similarly, when the duct through which it discharges its contents is obstructed, the gall-bladder thickens and strengthens. These changes go on without any direction from the brain —without any consciousness that they are going on. They are effected by the growth, or multiplication, or adaptation, of the local units, be they cells or fibres, which results from the greater action or modified action thrown upon them. The only pre-requisite to this spontaneous adaptive change is, that these local units shall be supplied with extra blood in proportion as they perform extra function—a pre-requisite answering to that secured by the administration of justice in a society; namely, that more work shall bring more pay. If, however, direct proof be called for that a system of organs may, by carrying on their several independent activities uncontrolled, secure the welfare of the aggregate they form, we have it in that extensive class of creatures which do not possess any nervous systems at all; and which nevertheless show, some of them, considerable degrees of activity. The Oceanic Hydrozoa supply good examples. Notwithstanding "the multiplicity and complexity of the organs which some of them possess," these creatures have no nervous centres—no regulative apparatus by which the actions of their organs are coördinated. One of their higher kinds is composed of different parts distinguished as cœnosarc, polypites, tentacles, hydrocysts, nectocalyces, genocalyces, etc., and each of these different parts is composed of many partially-independent units—thread-cells,

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ciliated cells, contractile fibres, etc.; so that the whole organism is a group of heterogeneous groups, each one of which is itself a more or less heterogeneous group. And, in the absence of a nervous system, the arrangement must necessarily be such that these different units, and different groups of units, severally pursuing their individual lives without positive direction from the rest, nevertheless do, by virtue of their constitutions, and the relative positions into which they have grown, coöperate for the maintenance of one another and the entire aggregate. And if this can be so with a set of organs that are not connected by nerves, much more can it be so with a set of organs which, like the viscera of a higher animal, have a special set of nervous communications for exciting one another to co-operation.

Let us turn now to the parallel classes of phenomena which the social organism presents. In it, as in the individual organism, we find that while the system of external organs must be rigorously subordinated to a great governing centre which positively regulates it, the system of internal organs needs no such positive regulation. The production and interchange by which the national life is maintained, go on as well while Parliament is not sitting as while it is sitting. When the members of the Ministry are following grouse or stalking deer, Liverpool imports, Manchester manufactures, London distributes, just as usual. All that is needful for the normal performance of these internal social functions is, that the restraining or inhibitory structures shall continue in action: these activities of individuals, corporate bodies, and classes, must be carried on in such ways as not to transgress certain conditions, necessitated by the simultaneous carrying on of other activities. So long as order is maintained, and the fulfilment of contracts is everywhere enforced—so long as there is secured to each citizen, and each combination of citizens, the full return agreed upon for work done or commodities produced; and so long as each may enjoy what he obtains by labor, without trenching on his neighbor's like ability to enjoy; these functions will go on healthfully—more healthfully, indeed, than when regulated in any other way. Fully to recognize this fact, it is needful only to look at the origins and actions of the leading industrial structures. We will take two of them, the most remote from one another in their natures.

The first shall be those by which food is produced and distributed. In the fourth of his *Introductory Lectures on Political Economy,* Archbishop Whately remarks that:—

> "Many of the most important objects are accomplished by the joint agency of persons who never think of them, nor have any idea of acting in concert; and that, with a certainty, completeness, and regularity, which probably the most diligent benevolence, under the guidance of the greatest human wisdom, could never have attained."

To enforce this truth he goes on to say:—"Let any one propose to himself the problem of supplying with daily provisions of all kinds such a

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city as our metropolis, containing above a million of inhabitants." And then he points out the many immense difficulties of the task caused by inconstancy in the arrival of supplies; by the perishable nature of many of the commodities; by the fluctuating number of consumers; by the heterogeneity of their demands; by variations in the stocks, immediate and remote, and the need for adjusting the rate of consumption; and by the complexity in the process of distribution required to bring due quantities of these many commodities to the homes of all citizens. And, having dwelt on these many difficulties, he finishes his picture by saying:—

> "Yet this object is accomplished far better than it could be by any effort of human wisdom, through the agency of men who think each of nothing beyond his own immediate interest—who, with that object in view, perform their respective parts with cheerful zeal—and combine unconsciously to employ the wisest means for effecting an object, the vastness of which it would bewilder them even to contemplate."

But though the far-spreading and complex organization by which foods of all kinds are produced, prepared, and distributed throughout the entire kingdom, is a natural growth and not a State-manufacture; though the State does not determine where and in what quantities cereals and cattle and sheep shall be reared; though it does not arrange their respective prices so as to make supplies last until fresh supplies can come; though it has done nothing toward causing that great improvement of quality which has taken place in food since early times; though it has not the credit of that elaborate apparatus by which bread, and meat, and milk, come round to our doors with a daily pulse that is as regular as the pulse of the heart; yet the State has not been wholly passive. It has from time to time done a great deal of mischief. When Edward I. forbade all towns to harbor forestallers, and when Edward VI. made it penal to buy grain for the purpose of selling it again, they were preventing the process by which consumption is adjusted to supply: they were doing all that could be done to insure alternations of abundance and starvation. Similarly with the many legislative attempts since made to regulate one branch or other of the food-industry, down to the corn-law sliding-scale of odious memory. For the marvellous efficiency of this organization we are indebted to private enterprise; while the derangements of it we owe to the positively-regulative action of the Government. Meanwhile, its negatively-regulative action, required to keep this organization in order, Government has not duly performed. A quick and costless remedy for breach of contract, when a trader sells, as the commodity asked for, what proves to be wholly or in part some other commodity, is still wanting.

Our second case shall be the organization which so immensely facilitates commerce by transfers of claims and credits. Banks were not inventions of rulers or their counsellors. They grew up by small stages out of the transactions of traders with one another. Men who for security deposited

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money with goldsmiths, and took receipts; goldsmiths who began to lend out at interest the moneys left with them, and then to offer interest at lower rates to those who would deposit money; were the founders of them. And when, as presently happened, the receipt-notes became transferable by indorsement, banking commenced. From that stage upward the development, notwithstanding many hinderances, has gone on naturally. Banks have sprung up under the same stimulus which has produced all other kinds of trading bodies. The multiplied forms of credit have been gradually differentiated from the original form; and while the banking system has spread and become complex, it has also become consolidated into a whole by a spontaneous process. The clearing-house, which is a place for carrying on the banking between bankers, arose unobtrusively out of an effort to economize time and money. And when, in 1862, Sir John Lubbock —not in his legislative capacity but in his capacity as banker—succeeded in extending the privileges of the clearing-house to country banks, the unification was made perfect; so that now the transactions of any trader in the kingdom with any other may be completed by the writing off and balancing of claims in bankers' books. This natural evolution, be it observed, has reached with us a higher phase than has been reached where the positively-regulative control of the State is more decided. They have no clearing-house in France; and in France the method of making payments by checks, so dominant among ourselves, is very little employed and in an imperfect way. I do not mean to imply that in England the State has been a mere spectator of this development. Unfortunately, it has from the beginning had relations with banks and bankers: not much, however, to their advantage, or that of the public. The first kind of deposit-bank was in some sense a State-bank: merchants left funds for security at the Mint in the Tower. But when Charles I. appropriated their property without consent, and gave it back to them only under pressure, after a long delay, he destroyed their confidence. Similarly, when Charles II., in furtherance of State-business, came to have habitual transactions with the richer of the private bankers; and when, having got nearly a million and a half of their money in the Exchequer, he stole it, ruined a multitude of merchants, distressed ten thousand depositors, and made some lunatics and suicides, he gave a considerable shock to the banking system as it then existed. Though the results of State-relations with banks in later times have not been so disastrous in this direct way, yet they have been indirectly disastrous—perhaps even in a greater degree. In return for a loan, the State gave the Bank of England special privileges; and for the increase and continuance of this loan the bribe was the maintenance of these privileges—privileges which immensely hindered the development of banks. The State did worse. It led the Bank of England to the verge of bankruptcy by a forced issue of notes, and then authorized it to break its promises to pay. Nay, worse still, it prevented the Bank of England from fulfilling its prom-

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ises to pay when it wished to fulfil them. The evils that have arisen from the positively-regulative action of the State on banks are too multitudinous to be here enumerated. They may be found in the writings of Tooke, Newmarch, Fullarton, Macleod, Wilson, J. S. Mill, and others. All we have here to note is, that while the enterprise of citizens in the pursuit of private ends has developed this great trading-process, which so immensely facilitates all other trading-processes, Governments have over and over again disturbed it to an almost fatal extent; and that, while they have done enormous mischief of one kind by their positively-regulative action, they have done enormous mischief of another kind by failing in their negatively-regulative action. They have not done the one thing they had to do: they have not uniformly insisted on fulfilment of contract between the banker and the customer who takes his promise to pay on demand.

Between these two cases of the trade in food and the trade in money, might be put the cases of other trades: all of them carried on by organizations similarly evolved, and similarly more or less deranged from time to time by State-meddling. Passing over these, however, let us turn from the positive method of elucidation to the comparative method. When it is questioned whether the spontaneous coöperation of men in pursuit of personal benefits will adequately work out the general good, we may get guidance for judgment by comparing the results achieved in countries where spontaneous coöperation has been most active and least regulated, with the results achieved in countries where spontaneous coöperation has been less trusted and State-action more trusted. Two cases, furnished by the two leading nations on the Continent, will suffice.

In France, the École des Ponts et Chaussées was founded in 1747 for educating civil engineers; and in 1795 was founded the École Polytechnique, serving, among other purposes, to give a general scientific training to those who were afterward to be more specially trained for civil engineering. Averaging the two dates, we may say that for a century France has had a State-established and State-maintained appliance for producing skilled men of this class—a double gland, we may call it, to secrete engineering faculty for public use. In England, until quite recently, we have had no institution for preparing civil engineers. Not by intention, but unconsciously, we left the furnishing of engineering faculty to take place under the law of supply and demand—a law which at present seems to be no more recognized as applying to education, than it was recognized as applying to commerce in the days of bounties and restrictions. This, however, by the way. We have here simply to note that Bindley, Smeaton, Rennie, Telford, and the rest, down to George Stephenson, acquired their knowledge, and got their experience, without State-aid or supervision. What have been the comparative results in the two nations? Space does not allow a detailed comparison: the later results must suffice. Railways originated in England, not in France. Railways spread

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through England faster than through France. Many railways in France were laid out and officered by English engineers. The earlier French railways were made by English contractors; and English locomotives served the French makers as models. The first French work written on locomotive engines, published about 1840 (at least I had a copy at that date), was by the Comte de Pambour, who had studied in England, and who gave in his work nothing whatever but drawings and descriptions of the engines of English makers.

The second illustration is supplied to us by the model nation, now so commonly held up to us for imitation. Let us contrast London and Berlin in respect of an all-essential appliance for the comfort and health of citizens. When, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the springs and local conduits, supplemented by water-carriers, failed to supply the Londoners; and when the water-famine, for a long time borne, had failed to make the Corporation do more than propose schemes, and had not spurred the central government to do any thing; Hugh Myddleton, a merchant citizen, took in hand himself the work of bringing the New River to Islington. When he had half completed the work, the king came to his help—not, indeed, in his capacity of ruler, but in the capacity of speculator, investing his money with a view to profit: his share being disposed of by his successor after the formation of the New River Company, which finished the distributing system. Subsequently, the formation of other water-companies, utilizing other sources, has given London a water-supply that has grown with its growth. What, meanwhile, happened at Berlin? Did there in 1613, when Hugh Myddleton completed his work, grow up there a like efficient system? Not at all. The seventeenth century passed, the eighteenth century passed, the middle of the nineteenth century was reached, and still Berlin had no water-supply like that of London. What happened then? Did the paternal government at length do what had been so long left undone? No. Did the citizens at length unite to secure the desideratum? No. It was finally achieved by the citizens of another nation, more accustomed to coöperate in gaining their own profits by ministering to public needs. In 1845 an English company was formed for giving Berlin an adequate water-supply; and the work was executed by English contractors—Messrs. Fox and Crampton.

Should it be said that great works of ancient nations, in the shape of aqueducts, roads, etc., might be instanced in proof that State agency secures such ends, or should it be said that a comparison between the early growth of inland navigation on the Continent, and its later growth here, would be to our disadvantage, I reply that, little as they at first seem so, these facts are congruous with the general doctrine. While the militant social type is dominant, and the industrial organization but little developed, there is but one coördinating agency for regulating both sets of activities; just as we saw happens with the lower types of individual organisms. It is

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only when a considerable advance has been made in that metamorphosis which develops the industrial structures at the expense of the militant structures and which brings along with it a substantially-independent coördinating agency for the industrial structures—it is only then that the efficiency of these spontaneous coöperations for all purposes of internal social life becomes greater than the efficiency of the central governing agency.

Possibly it will be said that though, for subserving material needs, the actions of individuals, stimulated by necessity and made quick by competition, are demonstrably adequate, they are not adequate for subserving other needs. I do not see, however, that the facts justify this position. We have but to glance around to find in abundance similarly-generated appliances for satisfying our higher desires, as well as our lower desires. The fact that the Fine Arts have not thriven here as much as in some Continental countries, is ascribable to natural character, to absorption of our energies in other activities, and to the repressive influence of chronic asceticism, rather than to the absence of fostering agencies: these the interests of individuals have provided in abundance. Literature, in which we are second to none, owes, with us, nothing to State-aid. The poetry which will live is poetry which has been written without official prompting; and though we have habitually had a prize-poet, paid to write loyal verses, it may be said, without disparaging the present one, that a glance over the entire list does not show any benefit derived by poetry from State-patronage. Nor are other forms of literature any more indebted to State-patronage. It was because there was a public liking for fiction that fiction began to be produced; and the continued public liking causes a continued production, including, along with much that is worthless, much that could not have been made better by any academic or other supervision. And the like holds of biographies, histories, scientific books, etc. Or, as a still more striking case of an agency that has grown up to meet a non-material want, take the newspaper press. What has been the genesis of this marvellous appliance, which each day gives us an abstract of the world's life the day before? Under what promptings have there been got together its staffs of editors, sub-editors, article-writers, reviewers; its reporters of parliamentary debates, of public meetings, of law cases and police cases; its critics of music, theatricals, paintings, etc.; its correspondents in all parts of the world? Who devised and brought to perfection this system which at six o'clock in the morning gives the people of Edinburgh a report of the debates that ended at two or three o'clock in the House of Commons, and at the same time tells them of events that occurred the day before in America? It is not a Government invention. It is not a Government suggestion. It has not been in any way improved or developed by legislation. On the contrary, it has grown up in spite of many hindrances from the Government and burdens which the Government has imposed on it. For a long time the reporting of parliamentary debates was resisted; for generations censorships

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and prosecutions kept newspapers down, and for several subsequent generations the laws in force negatived a cheap press, and the educational benefits accompanying it. From the war-correspondent, whose letters give to the very nations that are fighting their only trustworthy accounts of what is being done, down to the newsboy who brings round the third edition with the latest telegrams, the whole organization is a product of spontaneous coöperation among private individuals, aiming to benefit themselves by ministering to the intellectual needs of their fellows—aiming also, not a few of them, to benefit their fellows by giving them clearer ideas and a higher standard of right. Nay, more than this is true. While the press is not indebted to the Government, the Government is enormously indebted to the press; without which, indeed, it would stumble daily in the performance of its functions. This agency which the State once did its best to put down, and has all along impeded, now gives to the ministers news in anticipation of their dispatches, gives to members of Parliament a guiding knowledge of public opinion, enables them to speak from the House of Commons benches to their constituents, and gives to both legislative chambers a full record of their proceedings.

I do not see, therefore, how there can be any doubt respecting the sufficiency of agencies thus originating. The truth that in this condition of mutual dependence brought about by social life, there inevitably grow up arrangements such that each secures his own ends by ministering to the ends of others, seems to have been for a long time one of those open secrets which remain secret because they are so open; and even now the conspicuousness of this truth seems to cause an imperfect consciousness of its full meaning. The evidence shows, however, that even were there no other form of spontaneous coöperation among men than that dictated by self-interest, it might be rationally held that this, under the negatively-regulative control of a central power, would work out, in proper order, the appliances for satisfying all needs, and carrying on healthfully all the essential social functions.

But there is a further kind of spontaneous coöperation, arising, like the other, independently of State-action, which takes a large share in satisfying certain classes of needs. Familiar though it is, this kind of spontaneous coöperation is habitually ignored in sociological discussions. Alike from newspaper articles and parliamentary debates, it might be inferred that, beyond the force due to men's selfish activities, there is no other social force than the governmental force. There seems to be a deliberate omission of the fact that, in addition to their selfish interests, men have sympathetic interests, which, acting individually and coöperatively, work out results scarcely less remarkable than those which the selfish interests work out. It is true that, during the earlier phases of social evolution, while yet the type is mainly militant, agencies thus produced do not exist: among the Spartans, I suppose, there were few, if any, philanthropic agencies. But

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as there arise forms of society leading toward the pacific type—forms in which the industrial organization develops itself, and men's activities become of a kind that do not perpetually sear their sympathies; these structures which their sympathies generate become many and important. To the egoistic interests, and the coöperations prompted by them, there come to be added the altruistic interests and their coöperations; and what the one set fails to do, the other does. That, in his presentation of the doctrine he opposes, Prof. Huxley did not set down the effects of fellow-feeling as supplementing the effects of self-regarding feelings, surprises me the more, because he displays fellow-feeling himself in so marked a degree, and shows in his career how potent a social agency it becomes. Let us glance rapidly over the results wrought out among ourselves by individual and combined "altruism"—to employ M. Comte's useful word.

Though they show a trace of this feeling, I will not dwell upon the numerous institutions by which men are enabled to average the chances throughout life by insurance societies, which provide against the evils entailed by premature deaths, accidents, fires, wrecks, etc.; for these are mainly mercantile and egoistic in their origin. Nor will I do more than name those multitudinous Friendly Societies that have arisen spontaneously among the working-classes to give mutual aid in time of sickness, and which the Commission now sitting is showing to be immensely beneficial, notwithstanding their defects; for these also, though containing a larger element of sympathy, are prompted chiefly by anticipations of personal benefits. Leaving these, let us turn to the organizations in which altruism is more decided: taking first that by which religious ministrations are carried on. Throughout Scotland and England, cut away all that part of it which is not established by law—in Scotland, the Episcopal Church, the Free Church, the United Presbyterians, and other Dissenting bodies; in England, the Wesleyans, Independents, and the various minor sects. Cut off, too, from the Established Church itself, all that part added in recent times by voluntary zeal, made conspicuous enough by the new steeples that have been rising on all sides; and then also take out, from the remainder of the Established Church, that energy which has during these three generations been infused into it by competition with the Dissenters: so reducing it to the degraded, inert state in which John Wesley found it. Do this, and it becomes manifest that more than half the organization, and immensely more than half its functions, is extra-governmental. Look round, again, at the multitudinous institutions for mitigating men's ills—the hospitals, dispensaries, almshouses, and the like—the various benevolent and mendicity societies, etc., of which London alone contains between six and seven hundred. From our vast St. Thomas's, exceeding the palace of the Legislature itself in bulk, down to Dorcas societies and village clothing-clubs, we have charitable agencies, many in kind and countless in number, which supplement, perhaps too largely, the legally-established one; and which,

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whatever evil they may have done along with the good, have done far less evil than the Poor-Law organization did before it was reformed in 1834. Akin to these are still more striking examples of power in agencies thus originating, such as that furnished by the Anti-slavery Society, which carried the emancipation of the slaves, notwithstanding the class-opposition so predominant in the Legislature. And if we look for more recent like instances, we have them in the organization which promptly and efficiently dealt with the cotton-famine in Lancashire, and in that which last year ministered to the wounded and distressed in France. Once more, consider our educational system as it existed till within these few years. Such part of it as did not consist of private schools, carried on for personal profit, consisted of schools or colleges set up or maintained by men for the benefit of their fellows, and the posterity of their fellows. Omitting the few founded or partially founded by kings, the numerous endowed schools scattered throughout the kingdom, originated from altruistic feelings (so far, at least, as they were not due to egoistic desires for good places in the other world). And then, after these appliances for teaching the poor had been almost entirely appropriated by the rich, whence came the remedy? Another altruistic organization grew up for educating the poor, struggled against the opposition of the Church and the governing classes, eventually forced these to enter into competition and produce like altruistic organizations, until by school systems, local and general, ecclesiastical, dissenting, and secular, the mass of the people had been brought from a state of almost entire ignorance to one in which nearly all of them possessed the rudiments of knowledge. But for these spontaneously-developed agencies, ignorance would have been universal. Not only such knowledge as the poor now possess—not only the knowledge of the trading-classes—not only the knowledge of those who write books and leading articles; but the knowledge of those who carry on the business of the country as ministers and legislators, has been derived from these extra-governmental agencies, egoistic or altruistic. Yet now, strangely enough, the cultured intelligence of the country has taken to spurning its parent; and that to which it owes both its existence and the consciousness of its own value is pooh-poohed as though it had done, and could do, nothing of importance! One other fact let me add. While such teaching organizations, and their results in the shape of enlightenment, are due to these spontaneous agencies, to such agencies also are due the great improvements in the quality of the culture now happily beginning to take place. The spread of scientific knowledge, and of the scientific spirit, has not been brought about by laws and officials. Our scientific societies have arisen from the spontaneous coöperation of those interested in the accumulation and diffusion of the kinds of truth they respectively deal with. Though the British Association has from time to time obtained certain small subsidies, their results in the way of advancing science have borne but an extremely small ratio to the results achieved

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without any such aid. If there needs a conclusive illustration of the power of agencies thus arising, we have it in the history and achievements of the Royal Institution. From this, which is a product of altruistic coöperation, and which has had for its successive professors Young, Davy, Faraday, and Tyndall, there has come a series of brilliant discoveries which cannot be paralleled by a series from any State-nurtured institution.

I hold, then, that forced, as men in society are, to seek satisfaction of their own wants by satisfying the wants of others; and led as they also are by sentiments which social life has fostered, to satisfy many wants of others irrespective of their own; they are moved by two sets of forces which, working together, will amply suffice to carry on all needful activities; and I think the facts fully justify this belief. It is true that, *a priori,* one would not have supposed that by their unconscious coöperations men could have wrought out such results, any more than one would have supposed, *a priori,* that by their unconscious coöperation they could have evolved Language. But reasoning *a posteriori,* which it is best to do when we have the facts before us, it becomes manifest that they can do this; that they have done it in very astonishing ways; and perhaps may do it hereafter in ways still more astonishing. Scarcely any scientific generalization has, I think, a broader inductive basis than we have for the belief that these egoistic and altruistic feelings are powers which, taken together, amply suffice to originate and carry on all the activities which constitute healthy national life: the only pre-requisite being, that they shall be under the negatively-regulative control of a central power—that the entire aggregate of individuals, acting through the legislature and executive as its agents, shall put upon each individual, and group of individuals, the restraints needful to prevent aggression, direct and indirect.

And here I might go on to supplement the argument by showing that the immense majority of the evils which government aid is invoked to remedy, are evils which arise immediately or remotely because it does not perform properly its negatively-regulative function. From the waste of, probably, £100,000,000 of national capital in unproductive railways, for which the Legislature is responsible by permitting the original proprietary contracts to be broken,* down to the railway accidents and loss of life caused by unpunctuality, which would never have grown to its present height were there an easy remedy for breach of contract between company and passenger; nearly all the vices of railway management have arisen from the non-administration of justice. And everywhere else we shall find that, were the restraining action of the State prompt, effective, and costless to those aggrieved, the pleas put in for positive regulation would nearly all disappear.

I am thus brought naturally to remark on the title given to this theory

* See Essay on "Railway Morals and Railway Policy."

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of State-functions. That "Administrative Nihilism" adequately describes the view set forth by Von Humboldt, may be: I have not read his work. But I cannot see how it adequately describes the doctrine I have been defending; nor do I see how this can be properly expressed by the more positive title, "police-government." The conception suggested by police-government does not include the conception of an organization for external protection. So long as each nation is given to burglary, I quite admit each other nation must keep guards, under the forms of army or navy, or both, to prevent burglars from breaking in. And the title police-government does not, in its ordinary acceptation, comprehend these offensive and defensive appliances needful for dealing with foreign enemies. At the other extreme, too, it falls short of the full meaning to be expressed. While it duly conveys the idea of an organization required for checking and punishing criminal aggression, it does not convey any idea of the no less important organization required for dealing with civil aggression—an organization quite essential for properly discharging the negatively-regulative function. Though latent police-force may be considered as giving their efficiency to legal decisions on all questions brought into *nisi prius* courts, yet, since here police-force rarely comes into visible play, police-government does not suggest this very extensive part of the administration of justice. Far from contending for a *laissez-faire* policy in the sense which the phrase commonly suggests, I have contended for a more active control of the kind distinguishable as negatively regulative. One of the reasons I have urged for excluding State-action from other spheres, is, that it may become more efficient within its proper sphere. And I have argued that the wretched performance of its duties within its proper sphere continues, because its time is chiefly spent over imaginary duties.* The facts that often, in bankruptcy cases, three-fourths and more of the assets go in costs; that creditors are led by the expectation of great delay and a miserable dividend to accept almost any composition offered; and that so the bankruptcy-law offers a premium to roguery; are facts which would long since have ceased to be facts, had citizens been mainly occupied in getting an efficient judicial system. If the due performance by the State of its all-essential function had been the question on which elections were fought, we should not see, as we now do, that a shivering cottager who steals palings for firewood, or a hungry tramp who robs an orchard, gets punishment in more than the old Hebrew measure, while great financial frauds which ruin their thousands bring no punishments. Were the negatively-regulative function of the State in internal affairs dominant in the thoughts of men, within the Legislature and without, there would be tolerated no such treatment as that suffered lately by Messrs. Walker, of Cornhill; who, having been robbed of £6,000 worth of property and having spent £950 in rewards for apprehending thieves and prosecuting them, cannot get back the proceeds of their prop-

* See Essay on "Over-Legislation."

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erty found on the thieves—who bear the costs of administering justice, while the Corporation of London makes £940 profit out of their loss. It is in large measure because I hold that these crying abuses and inefficiencies, which everywhere characterize the administration of justice, need more than any other evils to be remedied; and because I hold that remedy of them can go on only as fast as the internal function of the State is more and more restricted to the administration of justice; that I take the view which I have been re-explaining. *It is a law illustrated by organizations of every kind, that, in proportion as there is to be efficiency, there must be specialization, both of structure and function—specialization which, of necessity, implies accompanying limitation.* And, as I have elsewhere argued, the development of representative government is the development of a type of government fitted above all others for this negatively-regulative control, and, above all others, ill fitted for positively-regulative control.* This doctrine, that while the negatively-regulative control should be extended and made better, the positively-regulative control should be diminished, and that the one change implies the other, may properly be called the doctrine of Specialized Administration—if it is to be named from its administrative aspect. I regret that my presentation of this doctrine has been such as to lead to misinterpretation. Either it is that I have not adequately explained it, which, if true, surprises me, or else it is that the space occupied in seeking to show what are not the duties of the State is so much greater than the space occupied in defining its duties, that these last make but little impression. In any case, that Prof. Huxley should have construed my view in the way he has done, shows me that it needs fuller exposition; since, had he put upon it the construction I intended, he would not, I think, have included it under the title he has used, nor would he have seen it needful to raise the question I have endeavored to answer.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since the above article was written, a fact of some significance in relation to the question of State-management has come under my notice. There is one department, at any rate, in which the State succeeds well—the Post-Office. And this department is sometimes instanced as showing the superiority of public over private administration.

I am not about to call in question the general satisfactoriness of our postal arrangements; nor shall I contend that this branch of State-organization, now well-established, could be replaced with advantage. Possibly the type of our social structure has become, in this respect, so far fixed that a radical change would be injurious. In dealing with those who make much of this success, I have contented myself with showing that the developments which have made the Post-Office efficient, have not originated with the Government, but have been thrust upon it from without. I have in evidence cited the facts that the mail-coach system was established by

* See Essay on "Representative Government—What is it good for?"

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a private individual, Mr. Palmer, and lived down official opposition; that the reform originated by Mr. Rowland Hill had to be made against the wills of employés; and, further, I have pointed out that, even as it is, a large part of the work is done by private enterprise—that the Government gets railway-companies to do for it most of the inland carriage, and steam-boat companies the outland carriage: contenting itself with doing the local collection and distribution.

Respecting the general question whether, in the absence of our existing postal system, private enterprise would have developed one as good or better, I have been able to say only that analogies like that furnished by our newspaper-system, with its efficient news-vending organization, warrant us in believing that it would. Recently, however, I have been shown both that private enterprise is capable of this, and that, but for a legal interdict, it would have done long ago what the State has but lately done. Here is the proof:—

"To facilitate correspondence between one part of London and another was not originally one of the objects of the Post-Office. But, in the reign of Charles II., an enterprising citizen of London, William Dockwray, set up, at great expense, a penny post, which delivered letters and parcels six or eight times a-day in the busy and crowded streets near the Exchange, and four times a-day in the outskirts of the capital. . . . As soon as it became clear that the speculation would be lucrative, the Duke of York complained of it as an infraction of his monopoly, and the courts of law decided in his favor."—*Macaulay, History of England,* 1866, i., 302-3.

Thus it appears that two centuries since, private enterprise initiated a local postal system, similar, in respect both of cheapness and frequency of distribution, to that lately-established one boasted of as a State-success. Judging by what has happened in other cases with private enterprises which had small beginnings, we may infer that the system thus commenced, would have developed throughout the kingdom as fast as the needs pressed and the possibilities allowed. So far from being indebted to the State, we have reason to believe that, but for State-repression, we should have obtained a postal organization like our present one generations ago!

Second Postscript.—When the foregoing essay was republished in the third series of my *Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative,* I included, in the preface to the volume, some comments upon Prof. Huxley's reply. In the absence of this preface, now no longer appropriate, there seems no other fit place for these comments than this. I therefore here append them.

"On the brief rejoinder to my arguments which Prof. Huxley makes in the preface to his *Critiques and Addresses,* I may here say a few words. The reasons he gives for still thinking that the name 'Administrative Nihilism' fitly indicates the system which I have described as 'negatively regulative,' are, I think, adequately met by asking whether 'Ethical Nihilism' would fitly describe the remnant of the decalogue, were all its positive

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injunctions omitted. If the eight commandments which, substantially or literally, come under the form 'thou shalt not,' constitute by themselves a set of rules which can scarcely be called nihilistic; I do not see how an administrative system limited to the enforcement of such rules can be called nihilistic: especially if to the punishment of murder, adultery, stealing, and false-witness, it adds the punishment of assault, breach of contract, and all minor aggressions, down to the annoyance of neighbors by nuisances. Respecting the second and essential question, whether limitation of the internal functions of government to those which are negatively regulative, is consistent with that theory of the social organism and its controlling agencies held by me, I may say that the insufficiency of my reply has not, I think, been shown. I was tacitly asked how the analogy I have drawn between those governmental structures by which the parts of the body politic have their actions regulated and those nervous structures which regulate the organic actions of the individual living body, is to be reconciled with my belief that social activities will in the main adjust themselves. My answer was this. I recognized as essential the positively-regulative functions of the State in respect to the offensive and defensive appliances needful for national self-preservation, during the predatory phase of social evolution; and I not only admitted the importance of its negatively-regulative functions in respect to the internal social activities, but insisted that these should be carried out much more efficiently than now. Assuming always, however, that the internal social activities continue subject to that restraining action of the State which consists in preventing aggressions, direct and indirect, I contended that the coördination of these internal social activities is effected by other structures of a different kind. I aimed to show that my two beliefs are not inconsistent, by pointing out that in the individual organism, also, those vital activities which parallel the activities constituting national life, are regulated by a substantially-independent nervous system. Prof. Huxley does, indeed, remind me that recent researches show increasingly the influence of the cerebro-spinal nervous system over the processes of organic life; against which, however, has to be set the growing evidence of the power exercised by the visceral nervous system over the cerebro-spinal. But, recognizing the influence he names (which, indeed, corresponds to that governmental influence I regard as necessary); I think the consistency of my positions is maintainable so long as it is manifest that the viscera, under the control of their own nervous system, can carry on the vital actions when the control of the cerebro-spinal system is substantially arrested by sleep, or by anæsthetics, or by other causes of insensibility; and while it is shown that a considerable degree of coördination may exist among the organs of a creature which has no nervous system at all."

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THE WHITE MAGICIAN

SCUDDER MIDDLETON

BECAUSE he had a dream of lovelier things
He would not praise this life of bread and lust,
Would not renounce his vision for the ease
That comes of thinking with the common lot.
There was a white magician in his mind
By whose immaculate wand he saw new worlds,
Bright, swift, immeasurable dancing stars
That had their golden orbits near the sun
And were like mirrors to the hearts of men.

What if the people killed him for a fool?
Within the minds of those who understood,
The white magician, wisely unperturbed,
Still conjured Beauty by a subtle wand;
And there was nothing lost save flesh and bone
And some sweet human presence—scarcely missed.

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